

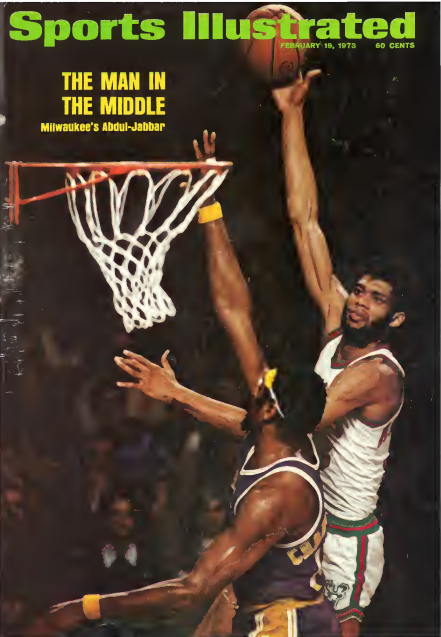
# Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 19, 1973

60 CENTS

## THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE

Milwaukee's Abdul-Jabbar





El Mirage, Calif., August 1, 1972. Bill Couch balances himself on top Torino's special rig.



Torino's wheels pound over the torturous roadbed of 2x4s, but Torino's body rides smooth.



End of run, and Bill is still balanced. If it's that smooth on top, imagine how smooth it is inside.

The solid mid-size Ford Torino.  
To prove its amazingly smooth ride,  
we pounded over torturous 2x4's while a  
high wire artist rode steady on top.



Chances are you won't ride over roads as tough as ours, and certainly won't balance yourself on top of your Torino. But you will get a smooth ride.

Torino's refined suspension helps to cushion bumps, absorb road vibrations and reduce body sway.

You'll ride with confidence too, because the 1973 Torino combines a welded body with a heavy 5 cross-member frame. Body frame construction for solid durability.

The '73 Ford Torino. Smooth Riding, Strong and Quiet Because It's a Ford.

The 1973 Gran Torino 2-door used in the test and pictured above is equipped with optional white sidewall tires, deluxe wheel covers, deluxe bumper guards, vinyl roof and an AM/FM stereo radio.

**FORD TORINO**

FORD DIVISION



# THINK THINS

Think Silva Thins 100's. They have less "tar" than most Kings, 100's, menthols, non-filters.\*

Menthol too.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

\*According to the latest U.S. Government figures, Filter and Menthol, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report August, 72.

# Which color TV needs fewest repairs? TV servicemen say Zenith.

Here are the questions and answers from  
a 175-city survey of independent TV service shops.

**QUESTION:** "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

**ANSWERS:** Zenith.....30%  
Brand A.....11%  
Brand B.....9%  
Brand C.....5%  
Brand D.....4%  
Brand E.....3%  
Brand F.....2%  
Brand G.....2%  
Brand H.....2%  
Brand I.....1%  
Other Brands.....3%  
About Equal.....21%  
Don't Know.....11%

**QUESTION:** "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say is easiest to repair?"

**ANSWERS:** Zenith.....34%  
Brand A.....25%  
Brand B.....11%  
Brand D.....5%  
Brand F.....4%  
Brand E.....4%  
Brand C.....3%  
Brand I.....1%  
Other Brands.....3%  
About Equal.....18%  
Don't Know.....1%

**QUESTION:** "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

**ANSWERS:** Zenith.....35%  
Brand A.....21%  
Brand B.....12%  
Brand D.....7%  
Brand E.....5%  
Brand C.....4%  
Brand F.....4%  
Brand G.....3%  
Brand H.....1%  
Brand I.....1%  
Other Brands.....6%  
Don't Know.....9%

**NOTE:** Answers total more than 100% because some servicemen named more than one brand.

## How the survey was made.

One of the best-known research firms in America conducted this study of independent TV servicemen's attitudes toward brands of color television. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV servicemen themselves in April, 1972, in 175 cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV.

## We want to hear from you.

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products.

But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you would like additional details of the servicemen's survey—we want to hear from you. Write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60639. We'll give your request our personal attention.

At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.®



Stylized TV picture.

**ZENITH**  
The quality goes in  
before the name goes on®

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one hour at year end, by Time Inc., 540 North Dearborn Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James B. Rhodes, President; Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Ives, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; ordinary postages anywhere in the world \$12.50 a year; all others \$18.00 a year.

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## Next week

**TOP DOGS** in the hockey scene this year are the centers. Mark Malvey finds the wings, on the outside, less effective as he looks over young players shaping up as new stars.

**HOT DOGS** are no longer sausage sandwiches. They are now the new breed of stout skiers—kids infected with something rightly called "the free spirit of thrashing around."

**REAL DOGS** are on hand for the Westminster, the country's oldest dog show, which goes on for so long it is almost an endurance event, says Robert Boyle, who endures it for \$8.



**Until now,  
only Firestone  
was talking about  
the Radial V-1.**

**Not any more.**



**JAMES WEST, Detroit, Michigan.** "I really like the feeling of protection these Radial V-1's give me. They dig in and grab hold of the road. No trouble stopping on wet streets, either."



**HENRY GORRE, Sacramento, California.** "The main thing is the smoothness of the ride. Steering and handling are good, too. But the main thing is smoothness. Radial V-1's ride smooth."



**CARLYLE SMITH, Hemet, California.** "When you drive a bus all day, you learn how to judge tires. And these Radial V-1's are great. On my '65 Plymouth, they changed the whole ride of the car. Should get 40,000 miles, easy."



**DONALD WEST, Jacksonville, Florida.** "Lots of times I pull a trailer with my station wagon, and especially on wet slippery roads, I feel safer now on these Radial V-1 tires from Firestone."

#### **OUR 40,000 MILE GUARANTEE**

The Radial V-1 tire by Firestone is guaranteed to give you 40,000 miles of treadwear in normal passenger use on the same car. If it doesn't, take your guarantee to any Firestone Store or participating Dealer. He'll replace the tire with a new one and give you credit at the current exchange price plus Federal excise tax for the mileage not received (a small service charge may be added). Subject to proper maintenance and care of your car and tires.

**RADIAL V-1**  
Another people tire from  
**Firestone**

# BOOKTALK

Racehacks may differ the world over. Horses and horsemen, it seems, do not.

If you are an owner, trainer, jockey, spectator and/or better, you will enjoy an excursion around the racing world with David Hedges and Photographer Fred Mayer. Their exhaustive, well-illustrated book *Horses and Courses* (Viking, \$22.50) explores in detail thoroughbred racing in virtually every country where the sport is offered, and David Hedges is surely qualified to conduct such a guided tour. He was for many years a racing journalist and handicapper for English newspapers and is now in racing public relations.

Having been to the races in many parts of the world myself, I agree with Mr. Hedges that one can pick up horseplayers and put them down at any track and find them "at home"—horseplayers look and act very similarly from Moscow to Phoenix, Ariz. Mr. Hedges, though thoroughly English, starts his racing Baedeker where racing is at its best—in France. The *steeple* (which requires one to pick the first, second and third horses in order) has made French racing profitable, and the breeding and choice of races at many distances on magnificent tracks make it attractive. Brian, as Mr. Hedges points out, though offering great racing, suffers from the prevalence of betting shops and course bookmakers who contribute very little in revenue to the sport that maintains them. "The so-called 'colour' provided by the bookmakers on the course [is] probably the most expensive colour that any entertainment industry has ever tolerated," Mr. Hedges observes.

"Small stature, small bones and small parents," are Mr. Hedges' qualifications for jockeys. Strong hands, a quick mind and honesty are others. None of these are required of owners, trainers or bettors. Methods and systems of betting vary. Just as no two people have the same fingerprints, no bettor is quite like any other. Robert Morley, the British actor and horseplayer, has his rule of course: if an owner is surrounded by children, don't back his horse, but if he "is accompanied by a beautiful lady not his wife plunge to the hilt." And in India, from what Mr. Hedges writes, one gathers that astrology is a handmaiden of the bettor.

One chapter in *Horses and Courses* covers the criminal element in racing. These persons are often ingenious but are finding it harder to make a living since protective associations have been organized to guard against stable substitutions, drugging and antepost betting.

With the perfection of the jet, horses and horsemen have become truly international travelers and the latter could do no better than to consult *Horses and Courses*, whether racing is their hobby or their business.

—M. R. WERNER

**Run with the wolf**

**WOLF'S HEAD**  
**SUPER DUTY**  
**MOTOR OIL**  
REGULATING QUART

The motor oil all people who care about their cars...

100% Pure Petroleum  
Wolf's Head Oil Refining Company  
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# Innisbrook



**Innisbrook**

(GOLF HOST SOUTH, INC.)

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Stage II Development 790 Residential Condominium Units

The registrant has registered for sale up to 790 residential condominium units. The purchasers of a condominium unit are given the option to enter into a joint venture rental pool arrangement with the registrant and other condominium unit owners. The combination of the sale of the condominium unit with the option to join a joint rental pool is treated as an investment contract under the Securities Act of 1933 and of various state securities laws and interpretations thereof. The purchasers of a condominium unit, in addition to receiving the option to enter into a joint venture rental pool arrangement with the registrant and other unit owners, also receive the option of joining a golf and country club which has available golf courses and full service clubhouses. Copies of the prospectus may be obtained from Sales Director, Innisbrook, P.O. Drawer 1088, Tarpon Springs, Florida 33589. The offering is made only in those states in which it may be lawfully offered.

This advertisement is not an offer to sell or a solicitation of an offer to buy any of these securities. The offering is made only by Prospectus.





# MONEY ENDS THE YEAR WITH A GREAT BEGINNING.



For other magazines, the months of October, November and December represent the end of the year.

For MONEY, they represent the beginning of our existence.

And what a beginning it's been.

All told, our first three issues contained 146 pages of advertising, in just about every major business and consumer category.

And unlike most new magazines, there was no falling off of ad pages from one issue to the next.

In fact our second issue was actually fatter than our first.

And advertisers aren't the only ones who've been realizing the value of MONEY.

Readers have been writing in from all over the country. Telling us how nice it is to have a magazine they not only read for pleasure, but use for profit.

Which makes a lot of sense when you consider the kinds of articles we've been running.

Covering and uncovering everything from mutual funds and insurance to children's allowances and college admissions. From prescription drugs and investments in wine to travel and designer fashions at discount prices.

In short, anything that has a bearing on one of the closest things to people's hearts. Their wallets.

And when a magazine can help people get more out of their wallets, it's got to pay off for everybody.

For the people who read it.

For the people who advertise in it.

And, for the people who make it.

**Money**  
The special interest magazine  
that's of special interest to everybody.

# THERE'S A WAY TO HELP OTHERS WHILE YOU HELP YOURSELF.

It's a career in the Coast Guard  
Where you'll battle pollution.  
And protect property. And save lives.  
But where you'll do a lot for your  
own life, too. Like draw a decent  
paycheck. And get training that'll be

worth a lot when you get out. And  
maybe work toward a college degree.

What's more, you'll work in small,  
select, responsible teams. To get  
things done. Positive things.

If that sounds good to you, mail  
the post paid card today.

Or call 800-424-8883 toll free.  
(426-1370 if you live in Washington, D.C.)

Finding ways to help others and  
yourself these days isn't easy.

But the Coast Guard's a good place  
to start.



**Help others. Help yourself.  
In the Coast Guard.**

Commandant (PTR-2), U.S. Coast Guard,  
Washington, D.C. 20500

I want to help. Fill me in on ☐ the Coast Guard  
☐ OCS ☐ the Coast Guard Reserve

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

SP104



Get away from the crowd.  
Get the flavor you want in  
Old Gold Filters.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health

20 mg "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72

# These are the first cigars guaranteed to taste as fresh as on the day they were made.

At last, it's here.

The first cigar guaranteed fresh no matter what.

Garcia y Vega. A cigar so great, it deserves to taste as fresh as it did on the day it was made.

So we invented a way to guarantee it. The pack with the new blue seal. The pouch inside is like a portable humidor. We call it Flav-R-Gard®. It doesn't look very different. But it is probably one of the best things to happen to cigars since the Indians invented them.



You're likely to find Garcia y Vega's new humidor pack most everywhere.

At prices for every purse.

In the most popular cigar shapes.

Taste a great cigar.

Taste a Garcia y Vega.

Garcia y Vega has been around since 1882.

But we still keep getting fresh ideas.

*Garcia y Vega*

Connoisseur's Choice Since 1882

## New!

**Introducing English Coronas  
in the new humidor tube. 25¢ ea.**



The first individual cigar guaranteed fresh no matter what.  
The secret's in our Flav-R-Loc® tube.



## OMC Stern Drive.

# Everything you'd expect from the makers of Johnson and Evinrude.

If you've ever owned a Johnson or Evinrude outboard, you already know about their dependability and engineering excellence. So, if you're considering a stern drive for your next boat, why not specify the one made by the same people. An OMC Stern Drive.

There's a lot in it for you. Like a drive unit that can swing 90° port to starboard for up to 50% more maneuverability. A fast working Power Tilt that raises the drive unit 25% higher than any other stern drive...so you can beach, trailer and launch with more ease. An exclusive Power Shift that works smoothly, without hesi-

tation. And SelectTrim that lets you change the planing angle of your boat automatically on 120, 140 and 165 h.p. models. Plus, we've got outstanding resistance to salt water and damaging corrosion.

Specify OMC Stern Drive in your next boat. Six models from 100 h.p. to 245 h.p. You'll get the dependability you expect from the makers of Johnson and Evinrude.

**OMC**   
**Stern Drive**   
A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION  
2185 CENTRAL AVENUE, WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN 53090



# There are basically three ways to rent a car.

## Only one makes sense.

Whether you wait around a rent a car counter while a person fills out a form, or whether you wait around while a machine does it, makes very little difference.

You still have to wait.

At Hertz, we have a way you don't have to wait for a form to be filled out at all.

It's called Number One Club, and here's how it works.

Just apply at any Hertz counter and we'll send you a free membership card. Or call us toll free at (800) 654-3131.

Then, once you're a member, whenever you call to reserve a quiet Ford or other car from us anywhere in the country, your rent a car form will be filled out in advance.

So when you get to the counter, all you have to do is show your license and charge card, sign your name, and go.

Join Hertz Number One Club.

Why wait for rent a car forms, when you can have rent a car forms waiting for you?



You wait for someone to fill out a form.



You wait for some machine to fill out a form.



You don't wait for anything. The form is already filled out.

**Hertz #1 Club**  
**It's the little things**  
**that make us big.**





# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

## STAGGERED

Representative Harley Staggers of West Virginia is chairman of a special House subcommittee looking into ways to make the NFL stop the TV blackout of home games. As part of the investigation, Staggers' subcommittee has mailed a lengthy questionnaire to 8,000 season ticket-holders, and some of the first replies, reported by David Brady in *The Washington Post*, have not been cheering. As a department-store executive wrote to Staggers: "All I can say on the subject is that it is probably a good thing you are a Representative from the state of West Virginia and I cannot vote against you. With all the pressing problems the U.S. has, it would seem to me that you and your elected fellow Representatives could find more meaningful areas to devote your time and effort to."

"As far as your questionnaire on the NFL tickets that I hold, they were bought strictly for my own pleasure and no other reason, and even if the Government had the audacity to . . . prevent black-outs of local games, I will continue to buy my season tickets."

## LOSERS

It was a memorable week for losers whose names start with "P." While UCLA was soaring upwards on its college basketball winning streak, Piedmont College was disappearing in the opposite direction like a jetisoned fuel tank. Before a home crowd in Georgia, Piedmont lost its 47th straight game, an NAIA record.

Meanwhile, the Philadelphia 76ers set an NBA record of 18 straight defeats, not without hilarity. After tying the losing record at Houston Tuesday night, the 76ers decided to stay in sunny San Antonio before playing in Portland Friday night. On Thursday, the temperature dropped from 72° to 22°, and driving rain turned to ice. Flights were promised and then vanished. The airport dusted off an ancient deicing machine to thaw frozen planes. The machine

groomed, sputtered and blew up. The 76ers returned to their hotel. Full. They found another and got up early Friday for the airport. No planes available. Back to the second hotel. Full. As the 76ers registered at a third hotel, a phone call triggered a dash back to the airport. On the way, two taxicabs carrying players were involved in separate collisions. Finally at 4 p.m., half a country away from 8 p.m. game time, the 76ers took off, so to speak.

Up in Portland officials were having troubles. Amid the hubbub a bus wheeled up outside Memorial Coliseum. "The 76ers!" someone cried, and there was a rush to greet them. From the bus emerged short, stumpy men, the Fort Worth Wings, a hockey team unloading gear for a game the next night. At 9 p.m. the PA man told the crowd the 76ers were in the building and would be out in a minute. Wrong. The 76ers were two miles down the freeway in a traffic jam caused by a motorcycle show. Finally the 76ers arrived and put on uniforms. The PA man was told to tell fans they could exchange tickets for another game if they wished. The message got garbled, and the PA man advised fans that they could get an immediate cash refund. There was a small-scale exodus to the box office and \$1,500 walked out the door. Still, 7,000 stayed to watch the 76ers lose 116-105. Said Tom Van Arsdale, who wore a borrowed jersey, "This is the worst day I've ever had. Change that. The worst two days."

## FOLK MEDICINE

Weekend athletes troubled by leg cramps ought to try pinching themselves for relief. That is the word from Milton F. Allen, a sometime tennis player and businessman in Decatur, Ga., who accidentally discovered what he calls the "Acupinch" several years ago when muscle spasms woke him in bed. "At the first sign of a leg-muscle spasm," says Allen, "immediately compress the facial area above the upper lip next to the

nose by a sustained broad pinch, not a painful one. For best results, apply this surface pinch promptly with the ball or side of the thumb, and the side of the bent forefinger for a few moments."

Why the Acupinch seems to work no one knows, least of all Allen, who has tried, unsuccessfully so far, to get physicians interested. In the meanwhile Allen has run a couple of newspaper ads asking people to try the technique and then let him know if it works for them. There is no charge involved, and Allen points out that he is a layman not a doctor. According to letters he has received to date, the Acupinch is successful 90% of the time.

## SNAKES ALIVE

The story may be old to you, but it is new to us and true. Three Texans went out fishing on Conchas Dam Reservoir in New Mexico in a splendidly equipped cabin cruiser. As they were zipping along the lake to a favorite fishing hole, they saw something swimming in the water. They stopped and looked. It was a large



rattlesnake. One of the fishermen took an oar and poked at the rattler. He poked again. This time the rattler grabbed at the oar. Instead of dropping the oar, the alarmed fisherman yanked it, and the snake came flying aboard. Instantly three Texans jumped into the lake and swam to shore, leaving the rattler in sole possession of their cabin cruiser.

They had to wait a couple of hours before another boat passed by, and even then they refused to board the boat un-

continued

til their rescuers dispatched the snake. If the fishermen learned one thing, it is that they'll think next time before putting an oar in.

#### RAM, RAM, MAGUIRE U.

The latest hoax in college sports is on page 190 of *The 1972-1973 National Directory of College Athletics*. There, in company with Lynchburg State and the University of Maine, is Maguire U. of Forest Park, Ill. Maguire U. has a president, Dr. Mel Connelly. Maguire U. has a nickname (the Jollymen), school colors (green and white) and an enrollment of 1,600. In reality Maguire U. is a bar in Forest Park, and the school is named after the owner, John Maguire. President Mel Connelly is a truck driver.

It all started back in 1963 when a bunch of the boys at Maguire's went to the NCAA basketball finals to root for Loyola of Chicago. Bill Shay, then freshman coach at Loyola, hosted his pals from the bar, and they had such a good time they began attending the NCAA finals every year. As a joke, they had T-shirts printed with "Maguire U." on them. Last year the chance came—the boys won't say how—to get listed in the directory, and John Maguire sent in a check for \$7.50 along with information about the imaginary university. Bill Shay became the "basketball coach," and another patron, Len Tyrrell, the "football coach." An Italian policeman who stopped in occasionally and was known only by his first name, Sal, was listed as Sal De Copper, assistant football coach. Once Maguire U. got into the directory, all sorts of things began to happen. Louisville Slugger wrote to "baseball coach" Ignatius Murphy trying to sell him bats, and recently a real live basketball coach phoned to speak to Coach Shay. Told Coach Shay came in only on Friday nights, the coach asked, "What kind of a school are you running there anyway?" If the coach reads this, now he knows.

#### RINK FINK

Why did Cornell squeal, why did the Big Red rat? That is the question being asked at Boston University, defending NCAA hockey champion, whose record now slumps to six wins and 15 defeats because it must forfeit 11 games. BU suffered the forfeit when the Eastern College Athletic Conference last week upheld its decision declaring sophomore

Dick Decloe ineligible for play. Decloe's demise came because the Junior "A" hockey team he played for in London, Ontario paid his high school education tax of \$189.33 one year. Decloe denies even knowing the team paid the tax.

The case came up as a result of a complaint by Cornell Athletic Director Jon Anderson after a Cornell player was declared ineligible for accepting room and board, expenses and payment of his high school tax while playing in the same Junior "A" league as Decloe. Anderson knew a lot about Decloe; Cornell had tried and failed to recruit him. In any event, Anderson says he could not understand why his player was ineligible and Decloe was eligible, "so I asked the ECAC to interpret it for me."

BU Athletic Director Warren Schmakel replies: "As an educator I say, 'Must you give your boy a fair shake at the expense of a boy from another team? If there was knowledge within Cornell about Decloe, why didn't the athletic director of Cornell communicate with the athletic director at BU?'"

#### THE GRASS CARP

The introduction of a foreign animal into a new setting usually has disastrous results for native wildlife. The rabbit in Australia is a notorious example, as was the introduction of the carp into U.S. waters a century ago. Now fishery biologists are wrangling over a new alien that has been let loose in this country, the grass carp from Asia. In 1963 the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife research station in Stuttgart, Ark. began importing grass carp to study their supposed knack for eating aquatic weeds. On the quiet, the bureau also started handing out specimens to such an extent that a bureau biologist recently announced to a startled audience of scientists that the fish now occurs in 40 of the 50 states.

Uproar has ensued. Missouri has banned the fish outright, in part because laboratory tests show that young grass carp prefer juicy freshwater shrimp, a favorite food of desirable game fish, to pondweed. Texas has put the grass carp on the state's restricted list as a potentially dangerous animal. Only in Arkansas are biologists happy, enthusiastically claiming that the grass carp is "an effective biological weed control when properly used."

Whatever the case, the Sport Fishing

Institute in Washington has condemned the grass carp introduction as "an incredible and frightening example of federal 'Big Brotherism' in which a few relatively obscure employees of a minor federal agency undertook in virtual secrecy to make a major ecological decision, probably irreversible, that will affect all Americans directly or indirectly for many decades to come."

#### PSL

A better with a statistical bent has come up with the final standings in the Point Spread League for the NFL last season, and the top team is Miami. The Dolphins, 14-0 in regular season games, won 11 and lost three in the PSL. The Steelers were second with 10-3-1 and the Browns third with 10-4. Despite dismal records in regular play, Denver, San Diego, Chicago and New Orleans had winning records in the PSL, while Dallas finished far down with an appalling 5-8-1. Form held for hapless Houston: the Oilers finished dead last in both the NFL and PSL. Never favored in any game, they were at least two-touchdown underdogs half the time. Despite this help from the oddsmakers, the Oilers only beat the spread in three of 14 games.

#### RIGHT ON

The Perfect Place Award hereby goes to the ABA Players' Association, which last week held its midwinter gathering in the Clam Jumper Room of the Travelodge Motel in Salt Lake City.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Coach Al Attles of the Golden State Warriors, on ways to stop Nate Archibald, the NBA's leading scorer: "We have 44 defenses for him but he has 45 ways to score."
- Randy Miller, now a left wing for the AHL's Baltimore Clippers, on his previous boss, Springfield's Eddie Shore: "He was the most unusual man I've ever known. He had some good ideas and some bad ones. Like he used to have us tap dance on our skates during practice."
- Milt Pappas, Chicago Cub pitcher, on Umpire Bruce Froemming, whose call of ball four accounted for the only base runner in Pappas' 8-0 no-hitter against San Diego: "He had a chance to become famous as the umpire in the 12th perfect game in baseball history, and he blew it."

**OLDSMOBILE INTRODUCES CUTLASS SALON.  
IT'S NOT LIKE ANY OTHER CUTLASS.  
IN MANY WAYS IT'S LIKE A EUROPEAN TOURING SEDAN.  
IT'S GOT 2 RECLINING SEATS UP FRONT.  
4 STEEL-BELTED RADIAL TIRES UNDERNEATH.  
AND 1 SOPHISTICATED SUSPENSION SYSTEM IN BETWEEN.**



The front seats (upholstered in corduroy-like velour) are more like easy chairs than buckets. You turn a dial, they recline. Just as they do in some imported touring sedans.

Salon's powered by a Rocket 350 V8 with a 4-barrel carb. It stops on front disc brakes. Rides on steel-belted radial tires.

And like classic touring sedans, its suspension system (equipped with front and rear anti-sway bars and high-rate rear arm bushings) was

especially designed for the road.

So it takes dips and bumps. With authority. And it takes back-road curves. With equal authority.

Cutlass Salon.

It's a new kind of 4-door sedan for the driving enthusiast. And we think you'll find it a lot like an expensive imported touring sedan, except for two interesting things.

It's priced much less.

And it's built in the U.S.A.  
Oldsmobile. Always a step ahead.

**OLDS CUTLASS SALON.  
IN THE GRAND  
TOURING TRADITION.**

Despite the murder of seven of his co-religionists and the presence of a police escort, the masterful play of 7'2" Kareem Abdul-Jabbar has kept the injury-plagued Milwaukee Bucks on top of their division **by PETER CARRY**

## CENTER IN A STORM

**R**eturning from a road trip one afternoon last week, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar deplaned, took a few quick steps across the apron at Milwaukee's Mitchell Field, climbed the stairs into the terminal and headed down the concourse accompanied by a man wearing a fur-collared beige car coat and charcoal trousers. Abdul-Jabbar's companion was of medium height and medium build and had medium brown hair turning to gray; what was distinctive about him was his shoes. They were black and had unfashionably thick rubber soles that protruded perhaps half an inch all around. They were the footwear of his profession, and identified him as clearly as the badge in his pocket. The man was a cop.

Specifically, he was a detective from the Milwaukee Police Department and, like plainclothesmen in Chicago and Detroit, he has recently served as a bodyguard for the Bucks' center. It is a job he performs amiably and one Abdul-Jabbar accepts with good humor, surprisingly so since the mere presence of the detective unavoidably reminds him of the horrible events that led to the protection.

One month ago seven persons, including five children ranging in age from nine days to 11 years, were murdered in a Washington, D.C. house that Abdul-Jabbar had purchased for them. Because the three-story, \$78,000 building is also the U.S. center for Hanafi Muslims, an orthodox Islamic group of which Abdul-Jabbar is a member, and because of information given by residents of the house who survived the slaughter, both Abdul-Jabbar and the Washington police believe Black Muslims were responsible for the murders. The Muslims, whose formal name is The Lost And Found Nation of Islam, are a black separatist group

founded in Detroit in the '30s. The sect has many traditional Islamic trappings but subscribes to beliefs that orthodox Muslims consider divergent from the teachings of the Qur'an. If the motive for the Washington slayings was a religious one, then Abdul-Jabbar, the most celebrated American orthodox Muslim, his wife and their nine-month-old daughter could be future targets.

The threat to Abdul-Jabbar has pushed into the background other events that had already made this a confused, unhappy season for the Bucks. Following an exhibition game in Denver, Guard Lucius Allen, who was convicted on a drug charge in Los Angeles in 1968, was arrested after traces of marijuana were allegedly found in a bag he was carrying. As he awaited trial Allen played well, and he managed to drive thoughts of a second conviction and a possible jail sentence from his mind by working hard on his already superb chess game. Two weeks ago the charge was dropped because of insufficient evidence, and Allen showed his relief by becoming one of the league's hottest players.

Two months into the season another guard, Wali Jones, was put on indefinite medical suspension by the Bucks, who claimed he had lost weight and stamina. It was subsequently disclosed that at the same time Jones had been suspended for 30 days without pay—his contract called for about \$90,000 this year—for what the Bucks termed "curfew violation and conduct detrimental to basketball." Those acts have never been spelled out and Jones was later put on irrevocable waivers. "We see no reasonable prospect of Jones returning to the level of performance that we expect of him," said General Manager Wayne Embrey after receiving a doctor's report

that asserted there were no apparent causes for the player's supposed loss of weight and strength. The case has been appealed to the NBA commissioner, and Jones is still seen occasionally at Bucks' games, viewing the action from seats given him by former teammates.

Milwaukee has been burdened by numerous other medical problems, most of them sprains or pulls that have briefly knocked players out of the lineup or caused them to perform at less than full efficiency. Coach Larry Costello says he has had his entire roster intact for only one game. The principal victim of the nagging injuries has been Oscar Robertson, who began the season with an aching toe, then suffered a deep muscle pull in his neck and shoulder and last week played with his thigh heavily taped to protect a damaged hamstring. For the first time in his 13-year career, Robertson was not selected for the All-Star Game and some of his opponents are even whispering the word "finished" when his name comes up.

It may well be that his huge body, which made him too strong to stoop and too heavy to handle as a young player, has, at age 34, slowed Robertson down. Embrey, who became the first black man to hold a major managerial position in professional sports when he took over as the Milwaukee GM last spring as a former teammate of Robertson's and himself a very thickly constructed man, "There's no question that if you're more heavily built you're more susceptible to injuries," Embrey says. "I had a lot of pulls and back and knee problems as I

*continued*

At home wearing an Islamic skullcap, Abdul-Jabbar reflects on the tragic events in Chicago; he is guarded by two plainclothesmen.



got older. They finally hurt so much I had to quit before I wanted to. The secret is you've got to play lighter as you get older. Oscar's about the same weight as he's always been. And when he's healthy there's no way he's finished. Every player's physical abilities lessen to some extent or another when he gets older. Oscar is such a smart player he can adjust to his limitations better than most. He was once the greatest basketball player of all time and he can still do an awful lot of things."

Last weekend Robertson played like the Oscar of old, not an old Oscar, and the rest of the Bucks, notably high-bouncing Forward Bob Dandridge, were doing a number of things that made the Lakers and Warriors, two of the NBA's strongest teams, feel a little over the hill. Even with Allen's thigh wrapped in a bandage matching Robertson's and starting Forward Curtis Perry on crutches with a sprained ankle, Milwaukee won impressively 109-88 and 135-108. Robertson was injured yet again Sunday, spraining his ankle as Milwaukee lost to

Boston. But by winning two of three the Bucks remained among the NBA's classiest clubs (their record was 41-18 compared with the league-leading Celtics' 45-12), a status they have had all season despite the troubles they've seen.

But none of the Bucks had to face problems remotely comparable to Abdul-Jabbar's. He has effectively sublimated his worries on the court. Against the Lakers he had 29 points and 24 rebounds while holding Wilt Chamberlain to eight and 14 (see cover). In the Golden State game, Abdul-Jabbar scored 28 points and outrebounded Nate Thurmond.

Off the playing floor, however, Abdul-Jabbar's concerns surface. "I'm not afraid for myself," he says, "I'm afraid for my family. These [the murderers] are not very brave people and they are very sick."

The Washington tragedy claimed more victims than any mass killing in that city's history. On the afternoon of Jan. 18 a group of men numbering at least four, and perhaps as many as eight, entered the Moslem house, which is located in a well-to-do section of northwest Washington. According to Abdul-Jabbar, the two adult males in the house were told to assume the traditional kneeling prayer position so they could be shot in the back of the neck. When the men resisted, they were pistol-whipped and then killed. Four of the children were drowned, two of them reportedly while their mother was forced to watch. Two women who were shot and left for dead survived; one of them was found with seven slugs in her head. At one point in the atrocities the assailants reputedly stopped and fixed themselves something to eat.

Although the Black Muslims deny any part in the killings, Abdul-Jabbar, his spiritual mentor Hamaas Abdul Khaalis, the leader of the capital's Hanafi community, and the District of Columbia police believe otherwise.

Islam in its orthodox form is the world's third largest religion and has existed for 1,300 years. It is composed of two main groups called the Sunni and the Shi'a. There are about 100,000 Moslems in the U.S., of whom Abdul-Jabbar says 65,000 are immigrants from Islamic countries and 35,000 American-born converts. Most U.S. Moslems, virtually all of whom are Sunni, do not identify with a particular interpretive ap-



Lofting Allen Bode in for an easy layup.

Bob Dandridge keeps the basketball alive.



proach to the Qur'an, such as the Hanafi's. According to Abdul-Jabbar, the difference in interpretation among the four major Sunni Moslem groups are far less than the disparities in the various Protestant sects' views of Christianity. As far as he knows, the Hanafi community in Washington numbers some 100. The Hanafi is no splinter group, however. Its worldwide membership runs into the tens of millions; for example, Turkish Moslems are largely Hanafi.

Orthodox Moslems believe that Allah is the prime being, that the last of the great prophets was Muhammed, who died in 632 A.D., and that all races are equally welcome in their community. The Black Muslims hold that 6,000 years ago a malcontented black scientist named Mr. Yacub created white men out of germs, that an itinerant silk salesman and storyteller variously called W.D. Fard, Wall Farradi and Professor Ford who showed up in Detroit in 1931 was, in fact, Allah, and that Fard's assistant, a man named Elijah Poole, is one of the great prophets. Before Fard mysteriously disappeared from Detroit in

1934, he had given Poole the name Muhammad. Today Elijah Muhammad heads an organization of undetermined membership, including Muhammad Ali, now "suspended," and musician Joe X (AKA Joe Tex).

The Black Muslims gained recognition and economic power during the era of rising black consciousness in the '50s and '60s. Their surge stopped at about the same time a young New Yorker named Lew Alcindor was questioning his own religious beliefs, ultimately deciding that the Catholic Church in which he had been brought up was a racist organization. Those also were the years of Malcolm X's greatest influence in Harlem. Malcolm had been one of Elijah Muhammad's most trusted lieutenants. He broke with the Black Muslims after a trip to Mecca had shown him that orthodox Islam embraced people of all colors. Malcolm's teaching following his return to the U.S. drew many of the brightest young members of the Nation of Islam away from Elijah Muhammad. In 1965 Malcolm was gunned down by assassins who are widely assumed to have been Black Muslims.

Hamas Abdul Khaalis was an associate of Malcolm's who underwent a similar change in his convictions. When Hamas and Alcindor met, Lew had already begun his own study of Islam at UCLA. The two have had a continuing association ever since. In the summer of 1968 Alcindor made a confession of faith, declaring his devotion to Allah and receiving the name Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. He adopted it legally three years later. "It was a final public acknowledgment of my belief," says Abdul-Jabbar. "I didn't do it sooner because I wanted to make sure that my feelings were not a passing thing."

Four other pro basketball players have changed their names for religious reasons: Jones, who altered the spelling of Wally to the Arabic Wali, meaning friend; Denver's Warren Jabali (formerly Warren Armstrong, whose new surname means rock in Swahili); Phoenix's Shahid Abdul-Alin (still known as Charlie Scott in box scores and sports stories); and Golden State's Mahdi Abdul-Rahman, heretofore Walt Hazzard. Abdul-Jabbar has helped both Abdul-Rahman and Seattle's Spencer Haywood, who has not changed his name, with their Islamic studies.

Since his conversion, Abdul-Jabbar

has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, taken Arabic at Harvard in preparation for pursuing a graduate degree in Islamic studies and bought the house on 16th Street N.W. in Washington. He deeded it to the Hanafi community last year, and it has been recognized as a tax-exempt place of worship. He traveled there last month to help wash the bodies of the slain and bury them.

"They were like my family, like seven brothers and sisters," Abdul-Jabbar says. "I cannot feel sorrow for the martyrs because they were in Paradise before their blood touched the ground. They died doing what Allah ordered. They died defending their faith."

"But I want people to understand this is not a religious war like some have said it is. It's not a war because we're not fighting. Our beliefs direct us to try to keep a pure mind. We are ordered to exert a positive effect on our surroundings. That's why we fly the American flag outside our community and paste flags in the windows. We want to show that we hope to do good here, to work for the improvement of the whole environment and to work within the framework of the Constitution, which guarantees freedom of religion. We are not allowed to fight unless we are directly attacked and we are required to negotiate whenever we can. In the Qur'an the things most frequently mentioned are compassion and mercy. The Prophet admonished us to be forgiving, and the problems involved in merely saving yourself, in trying to submit yourself to what Allah has ordered, are too great to allow you to carry a grudge. There's too much else to be done."

"The one thing that does upset me though is that this was done simply because we're Muslims, because we want to practice a religion. Even the worst white racists don't think the way the people who attacked us do."

The Black Muslims once asked Abdul-Jabbar to join them and he refused. He does not view the sect as a religion, but rather as a group of black nationalists. He calls their doctrine, which contains repeated reference to "white devils," a demonology, not a theology.

His refutation of the Black Muslims and his celebrity make Abdul-Jabbar as vulnerable as Malcolm, and the authorities are well aware of it. Two weeks ago in Chicago, the headquarters for the Black Muslims, policemen occupied

rooms at both ends of Abdul-Jabbar's hotel corridor and he was escorted to the arena by police cars while teammates rode in a bus. After the game he left the same way, meeting the rest of the Bucks at an expressway interchange en route to Milwaukee.

A man of practiced detachment, Abdul-Jabbar chats easily with his escort and admits he likes cops; his father is a



Oscar Robertson takes a base-line jumper.

lieutenant in the New York City Transit Authority force. But Allen, a teammate in both college and the pros, sees things deeper inside. "I can sense that it bothers him," Allen says. "He carries it around within him. But it's not there on the court. At no time is it on the court." Which goes a long way toward explaining why the Bucks are doing so well in a very bad year.

END



## ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WEIGHTS

*And what came to weighty Chris Taylor, Iowa State's colossus of Olympic wrestling renown, was his 34th straight victory as he helped the West put a hammerlock on the East* **by HERMAN WEISKOPF**

A police car pulled up in front of Luke's Mid-City Restaurant in Bethlehem, Pa. one night last week. After a moment it began to rock, as though a struggle was going on in the back seat. Not a matter for the law, actually, just Iowa State Wrestler Chris Taylor trying to ease himself out the rear door. Taylor, who weighs 450 pounds, was in town for the East-West all-star matches at Lehigh University next evening.

At one of Luke's tables, Taylor beamed. "Darndest thing. I was walking over here and the cops stopped me and gave me a ride because they said they recognized me. One of those girl bellhops at the hotel had offered me a lift. I would've accepted, but she had a VW and I figured I'd better not."

For his midnight snack Taylor ate a hamburger and a tuna fish sandwich, not far out of line with a surprisingly modest appetite that only rarely requires emergency treatment with the likes of three large pizzas.

As he ate, the amiable giant whose televised struggles in the Olympics last summer helped give collegiate wrestlers some much-needed national exposure, burred happily on: "They flew me here first class. It's only the second time I've gone first class. The other time was when the airline moved me up front to help balance the plane." Taylor also allowed that he plans to be married in September, that he will probably turn pro because of the reported \$60,000 to \$70,000 offers made by Promoter Vern Gagne and that he had tried to lose some weight because he was beginning to feel bulky. "I tried the Chris Taylor Easy Way to Lose Weight," he said. "There's only one problem—it doesn't work." What was the diet? Simple: stay away from banana cream pie.

Having Taylor on hand helped make the West a solid favorite, but actually

the big pre-meet question was not who was going to win but whether the meet itself could endure. This was the seventh annual East-West match, which in recent years had been colossally boring or financially ruinous, or both. The East-West flops seemed particularly galling in view of wrestling's gains in the last decade, including the growth in the number of high school and college teams and the increase in spectator interest almost everywhere. Twelve thousand turned out for the Midlands tournament in December and the finals of last year's NCAA championships drew a one-night high of 12,000.

One of the problems, somebody finally realized, was that the East-West had always been held after the NCAA and was therefore almost bound to be anticlimactic: the fans already knew who the champs were and the wrestlers themselves could afford to be lachrymose about the affair. Moving the East-West up to a point about two-thirds of the way through the season, reasoned the coaches who control the event, would whet the appetite of fans looking for an early inside line on the best wrestlers in the country. It would also guarantee a degree of earnestness among the competitors: how well they did would be vital in the seedings at the NCAA meet a few weeks later.

"The atmosphere is so different this time," said one wrestler who took part in last year's East-West. "No horsing around, no parties. This year everybody is keyed up; there's a lot on the line."

Among the drawing cards at Lehigh last week were three 1972 national titleholders: Taylor, the most famous of the present college wrestlers; Wade Schalles of Clarion (Pa.) State, a cocky and enormously spectacular 158-pounder; and Tom Milkovich of Michigan State, the dominant performer in the 142-pound

division and perhaps the best all-around wrestler in the group. The huge Taylor was the top attraction, of course, as he has been ever since Munich. Almost everywhere he competes he helps set new attendance highs. At Wisconsin, where only a few hundred people usually show up for a match, there were 3,600 to see Taylor and his Cyclone teammates. And when Iowa State met Iowa at Iowa City last month, 10,268 came out—a U.S. record for a dual meet. Naturally, the East-West came up a sellout.

Going into the East-West, Taylor's two-year college record (he is a junior college transfer and is now a senior at Ames) consisted of no losses, one draw and 72 wins—36 of them by pins. This season he had won all 33 of his bouts, 31 of them by falls, which broke the mark set by former Cyclone teammate and Munich gold medalist Dan Gable. Taylor's drawing power is such that even though Iowa State usually has clinched one more team win long before the heavyweight match starts, the fans refuse to leave until they have seen Chris in action. Last season several teams declined to nominate anyone to face him, but no one has risked the wrath of fans by coming up empty-handed so far this year. Wisconsin Coach Duane Kleven had his wrestlers draw straws to see who would take on Taylor. And at Navy it was a squad joke that anyone who volunteered to fight Chris should be given a medal.

The West eventually won the match 24-14, thanks largely to a succession of late arrivals. There was 177-pounder Jim Crumley of Oregon State. Or, rather, there wasn't Jim Crumley. On his way to the airport to catch a plane east he had a flat tire. After putting on a spare he put a heavy foot on the gas, and the police took exception. Crumley missed his flight and did not arrive in Beth-



Jerusalem until around noon on the day of the meet.

Another latecomer was Taylor, who was still in his hotel room while everyone else was suiting up. To his rescue came the helpful bellhop—Paulette Szlivko—who this time offered Chris a ride in a Hotel Bethlehem station wagon and got him to the match on time. Even in the opening event of the evening Dale Brumit of Arizona was late. He needed a diving takedown in the final seven seconds of his 118-pound bout to gain an 8-8 draw with Michigan's Jim Brown.

The East captured four of the next five matches. Milkovich was smooth and swift as he took care of Larry Morgan of Cal Poly 10-4. Schalles then had an off night for Schalles, laboring like a fast-ball pitcher whose fastball isn't working. Still, he managed to win a 5-4 decision. Now the East was in front 14-6, but then the late-arriving West really came on the scene.

Jeff Callard of Oklahoma earned a methodical and muscular 5-2 victory at 167 pounds and the tardy Crumley won by default when his opponent injured some ribs. Oregon State 190-pounder Greg Strobel unwisely turned to look for a contact lens that popped out and promptly was thudded to the mat and almost pinned. But then he fought back from a 10-1 deficit to beat Russ Johnson of Ohio University 13-11. That gave the West an 18-14 lead. Except for a default, the only way the East could win would be if 290-pound Joel Kislin of Hofstra pinned Taylor.

Taylor led 1-0 early in the second period and was trying for a takedown when he leaned all his weight on Kislin. For one instant 740 pounds was supported by Kislin's right knee, which collapsed. After being declared the winner by default, Taylor helped Kislin back to the locker room. Taylor then returned to the mat with other wrestlers to sign autographs. Youngsters tried to jump on his shoulders. They clung to his massive arms or wrapped themselves around his legs and tried to shiny up as if he were a favorite tree.

Eventually the big fellow disentangled himself, made his way out of Bethlehem and went flying back to Ames—first class.

END

*Hofstra's Joel Kislin on the mat, one knee kaput, as Taylor pulls on a warmup shirt.*



# HARVEST FOR JOHNNY APPLESEED

*A modern namesake of the old orchard activist goes head to head with seven other renowned harness-racing drivers to give the sport some Southern comfort, and he triumphs at the wire in the crucial mile* by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Saturday night had become Sunday morning, but Johnny Chapman still was seated at a table near the back of the Turf Club at Florida's Pompano Park. For more than an hour harness racing's premier drivers had been stopping by to shake his hand and clink their champagne glasses against his. "Years from now," Chapman said, "I'll probably look back on this night and think how lucky I was to beat these guys. But right now all I'm seeing is a man named Clint Hodgins. Clint is 63 years old, but he's still my hero. He took me to the first motion-picture show I ever saw. I don't remember what it was but it was in Toronto and I was five years old."

At the age of 44, after a quarter century as a harness-racing driver, John Chapman has never won a Hambletonian or a Little Brown Jug. But ask anyone around a trotting track who Chapman is and the answer comes back quickly: maybe the finest catch driver of all time. Last week Chapman added something new to his woefully unpublicized record by beating the finest horsemen in the land in the Florida Drivers' Championship, an event that may do more to mature the difficult growth of standard-breed racing in the South than anything yet tried.

Over the years any number of gimmicks have been used to bring out the human qualities of harness drivers. International driving championships have been held; the Dancer family has competed against the Filion family; Ms.'s have raced against Ms.'s to see which Ms. was good at a mile. But Pompano's event was something different.

Eight drivers were invited to race for the championship. Glen Garmey, trainer-driver for Castleton Farm, looked over the list and called it "the Who's Who of Whosedom." When their names are mentioned—Billy Houghton, Delvin Miller, Stanley Dancer, Clint Hodgins, George Sholtz, Del Insko, Herve Filion, Chapman—lights brighten in the Hall of Fame of the Trotter at Goshen, N.Y. Collectively, the eight represented more

than \$87 million in purses earned, 22,000 races won and some 50 victories in the 10 top trotting and pacing races in the land. And, ah, the horses they have driven: Proximity, Adios Butler, Bye Bye Byrd, Lusty Song, Nevele Pride, Super Bowl, Albatross, Belle Action, Dotie's Pick, Race Time, Direct Rhythm, to name but a few.

The eight arrived at Pompano last Friday night to race not for large personal rewards but to pluck some tourist dollars for the sport. In South Florida harness racing has to battle thoroughbred racing, dog racing, jai alai, night clubs, football and exhibition baseball, not to mention fish, sand and sun. So far the struggle has been all uphill.

First through the paddock gate was Filion, who last year won a record 603 races while jumping from track to track as nimbly as a squirrel moves from limb to limb. In 1949 Hodgins led the nation with 128 winners, in 1954 Houghton brought home 153. As recently as 1960 Insko won a championship with 156, but in 1961 Robert Farrington kicked the number over 200 for the first time and then drove it up to an "amazing" 312 three seasons later. No driver topped that until 1968, when Filion won 407. He had 486 in 1970, 543 in 1971. In 1972, to win those 603 races, Filion accepted 2,665 mounts—an average of more than seven drives for every day of the year.

"I don't want to win all the races," Filion said at Pompano, "only the ones I'm in. A lot of people asked me if I got tired last year. All I can say is that a man does not get tired when he is doing something he loves. This year I would like to become the first driver ever to win \$2.5 million in purses." In 1972 he was close, with \$2,473,265.

As Filion spoke, Del Miller entered

the locker room. "Herve," Miller said, "this is be-kind-to-old-folks week. Just give some of us oldtimers a chance."

"No pity," said Filion. "Just keep at it. You'll make a success of yourself someday in this game."

"Herve," Miller asked, "how are your mathematics?"

"Not bad, Mr. Miller," said Filion.

"Well, I have a friend who has nine children and every one of the brothers has a sister. How many girls are there?"

"One," said Filion. "You aren't going to catch me on that."

Filion & Company were to go in five



*A pride of drivers at Pompano. In the front row at left is Florida champion John Chapman. Beside him: Del Insko, Clint Hodgins and Stanley Dancer. Back row: George Sholtz, Billy Houghton, Herve Filion and Delvin Miller.*

races on the regular Pompano card Friday and five more on Saturday, with horses drawn at random. There were no Adios Butlers or Nevele Prides on the program. As Filion was introduced to the crowd, a table of six French Canadians on the top floor of the clubhouse sang the Canadian national anthem. Filion obligingly won—and then won the second race, too. Based on a point system of 50 for a win, 25 for second, 12 for third, eight for fourth and five for fifth, Filion had 100 points to Chapman's 30. Then Chapman won a race, then it was Haughton and then Hodgins.

Filion's first night had been a pip. He put every one of his five mounts on the board either one, two or three. The older drivers were getting restless. Much as they respected Filion, they were not eager to be publicly undressed by him.

Next night the battle raged right down to the last race. Filion led with 184 points,

followed by Haughton with 170 and Chapman with 148. Chapman had the rail in the final race with a horse rated 4 to 1 in the morning line. Haughton was coming out of post position six with a 10 to 1 shot and Filion was just outside him with the favorite. Haughton moved out smartly to lead for the first quarter, then Filion slipped ahead. "I wanted to win the damned thing so bad," Haughton said later. "I talked to everybody about the horse I was driving, and I thought I had a real chance. Down the stretch I knew I had Herve beat, and then Chapman got me at the line. I talked to Stanley Dancer afterward and he said he had muscles aching that he didn't know were there. I felt the same way. We had a glass of champagne and started to laugh."

The final score read Chapman 198, Haughton 195, Filion 189. "Only nine points between the top three," Chapman

said. "And I was the last guy invited in. But I wanted to be here. All of us have taken so much out of harness racing we felt we should give something back. It's bucking the trend, I guess. A lot of guys in sports today feel that they can earn \$80,000 a year for doing very little and sue somebody because it isn't \$82,000. Maybe if I had pushed myself a bit harder I could have been a Haughton or a Miller. But I've done well. I've been lucky enough to average \$780,000 in purses over the last 12 years.

"It's always been my idea to stay as close to my family as I could, yet still do my job. One day one of our children came home and asked me if I knew what Johnny Appleseed's real name was. I sure did. Johnny Appleseed's real name was Johnny Chapman."

True enough. At Pompano this Johnny-come-lately planted a tree or two of his own.

END





# JUST A GENTLE SORT OF MAN

All things are relative, even in the Big Ten, and Indiana's Bobby Knight is now so calm he has been thrown out only once this season

by PAT PUTNAM

On that seemingly dark day in 1971 when Bobby Knight, recently of West Point, took command of Indiana's basketball forces, a great many people—none of them Bobby Knight—were apprehensive. Knight—ugh—played defense. The word was spat forth as though it consisted of four letters. In Indiana everyone knew how the game should be played: run and shoot, run and shoot. For many of the Hoosiers, Knight's coming was as welcome as broiled boar at a rabbinical clambake. They wanted General Patton and what they got was a guy who specialized in tank traps. It helped none when the newly arrived Knight took one look at a sign that read **WELCOMING SHOOTERS** and said, grinning, "The guy that wrote that must be the world's greatest optimist."

And so several weeks ago a newcomer to Bloomington was stunned when during a game against Northwestern a leather-lunged fan leaped to his feet and screamed, "De-fense. For God's sake, Bobby, tell them to play *de-fense*." The game was just two minutes old. Soon, the same appeal for Knight's tank traps was coming from all points of Indiana's new \$13.9 million basketball palace. "Oh, that's nothing," said Tom Miller, the Indiana sports information director. "When we went into a late-game stall to protect a lead against Minnesota, the fans responded with a standing ovation. A few years ago they'd have been screaming for 100 points."

A few years ago there was always the possibility that Indiana might score 100 points—and lose. In fact, in 1963 Indiana scored 101 against Illinois and lost by three. And the next year the team scored 103 against Michigan State and lost by four. All those blifs don't mean a thing if in the end you get bammed.

"It's funny, but now when I see people taking shots just to get the ball in the air I think, wow, that's awful," says Dr. Jim Howard, an Indiana alumnus and an admitted basketball freak. "But before, well, it was the kind of basketball we grew up with. We weren't happy unless the ball was in the air. Now we've come to really appreciate defense."

Defense has been Knight's game ever since he was a substitute on Fred Taylor's celebrated Ohio State teams of the early '60s. Slow afoot and with people like John Havlicek, Larry Siegfried and Jerry Lucas as teammates, Knight, in spite of a keen shooting eye, did not play much, but he soaked up everything Taylor taught.

"It's strange," says Havlicek. "Bobby was the worst defensive player on the team, yet his teams now are so defense-oriented. But then Bobby was quite a split personality. I can imagine why he is such a great recruiter. You have to love him after the first meeting. But until they adjust, the kids he recruits must wonder how they got there when he gets them on a basketball court. He's positively savage."

"I think a better word would be intense," says John Ritter, the Indiana senior who has led the nation in free throws and Knight's Kiddie Korps into Big Ten battle—where the Hoosiers, still tied for first place last week despite losses to Ohio State and Purdue have surprised everybody. "He works us hard and he demands that we get 100% from the talent we have. He has me doing things I used to believe were impossible. He makes us better basketball players, but first of all, better men. Is that bad? Out in life, well, it's tough. What he teaches applies a lot further than just to basketball."

When he left Ohio State, Knight was thinking of a career in law but gave himself a year to decide. He took a job as assistant coach at Cuyahoga Falls (Ohio) High School. The following year he wound up serving at West Point as an assistant to Bates Locke, another strong advocate of defense. And there his temper, apparently his single flaw, bloomed.

"Bobby was a better player than many people think he was," says Locke, now the head coach at Clemson. "But I believe a lot of his success as a coach has come from not being as good a player as he wanted to be. I think he has calmed down some now. Then he was fiery. It was my first head coaching job and Bobby's first in college, and the two of us

continued

on the bench must have looked like a Chinese fire drill. But he never allowed a game to get out of hand."

Well, almost never. One year against Washington State Locke and Knight found themselves and the officials to be of different minds. By halftime each coach had drawn two technicals. When they went to the locker room, Locke discovered Knight was missing. Shortly, head on his chest, Knight walked in. "Come on, Bobby," said Locke. "We have to work out how we're going to handle the second-half tip."

"Don't worry about it," Knight said sadly. "We're going to start with them shooting a foul. I just got another technical."

When Locke left Army to coach at Miami of Ohio, Knight was given the head job, and the Cadets quickly discovered that what they were learning on the court was not much different from what they were learning in the classrooms. Knight decided that a lack of height among his troops did not have to be all that much of a disadvantage (because of West Point regulations his tallest player was 6' 6"). Like any good commander, he would use discipline. After all, hadn't the much-admired Colonel Red Blaik? Knight had read Colonel Blaik's *You Have to Pay the Price* when he first went to West Point. He reread it when he became head coach and he would read it a third time when he went to Indiana. He had also drawn heavily from Vince Lombardi and General George S. Patton, and from the good basketball minds: the late Joe Lapchick, Clair Bee, Pete Newell and, of course, Fred Taylor.

"I never met Colonel Blaik at West Point," says Knight, "but I tried to study everything that had made him a winner in that environment. I talked to his former players; I went over his every move. And then I patterned myself after him. Colonel Blaik was an extremely intelligent individual and he was a great organizer. The ability to prepare to win is just as important as the will to win."

"You have to look at it this way. It is a fallacy to say that Army's players are naturally disciplined. They are up at 10 minutes before six because they *have* to be. They are *required* to go to class. They march to lunch; they march to dinner. Chin in. Chest out. Gut in. All day. Well, when four o'clock comes and it's time to practice basketball, the

most natural thing for them to do is to expect to relax and have fun."

Knight laughs, but the humor never reaches the hazel eyes once described, probably by a player who made a mistake, as a pair of laser beams. His is a non-nonsense face. The nose is misshapen by various batterings and there is a long scar in his left eyebrow and a smaller one on his left cheek. There are other such battle mementos gathered across 32 years. When their intense owner speaks of discipline it is like hearing the Pope talk of God.

Knight places a hand at chest level. "Say that this is civilian discipline," he says. The hand moves up to his chin. "This is military discipline." Now the hand is lifted above his head. "And this is my discipline."

And so, disciplined, Army's Cadets did something they had never done before: they won a lot of basketball games. In six years under Knight they won 102 and lost but 50; beat Navy all six years; had the most victories for an Army team (22) in a season; played in four National Invitational tournaments; had a team defense that three times led the nation, was second once and third another time. And once Army finished 16th in the final national team standings, the only time Army has been in the top 20.

But as Army rolled to new heights, so did Knight's reputation as the *enfant terrible*. He drew so many technical fouls they began to call him Bobby T. Once, it is said, he splintered a chair at the scorers' table.

"When I started it was always a battle between me and the officials," says Knight. "But you can't coach like that. It just took me a while to learn. I guess it was because our kids were so small and worked so hard that when some official blew one—and they are human—I went nuts. It's hard to sit still when you see your 6' 1" kid beat some 6' 9" guy and then get called for something he didn't do."

If Knight sometimes has reacted violently from the bench, he has never permitted his players the same liberties on the floor. They are schooled in tough but *clean* basketball. He has a passion for following the letter of the law. During his first year at Indiana he was offered an All-America high school center from the South if he would see that the player's girl was given a scholarship, too. Knight said no. "Actually, it would

have been legal," he says. "But sometimes things legal aren't ethical." Then there was the prep star who visited Indiana, listened to the legal list of athlete's goodies and asked, "Now what else?" What else was a ticket home.

Knight recruits with total honesty. He never makes a promise he cannot keep. Besides the normal athletic grant, he offers just two things: 1) the pledge that no one will work any harder than he does to see that the player gets an education in the field of his choice, and 2) that no one will work harder to develop the player's abilities to succeed in life. He says: "If a kid comes to Indiana and all we teach him is basketball, then we've really fouled up."

Bruce Parkinson is a freshman at Purdue. Knight talked to him, but when he learned that the highly sought guard had decided on Purdue he backed off quietly. "There was never any pressure," Parkinson says. "And he never promised anything he couldn't deliver. He never said I'd play. He said he'd give me a scholarship and an opportunity, nothing more. That's probably the main thing I remember: the fact that he said you'd have to work for everything you got."

And so that day in 1971 when Knight arrived in Bloomington with his pretty wife Nancy and their two young sons, Timothy and Patrick, he brought with him a reputation for winning, for outstanding defensive teams and for a hair-trigger temper. At a place that was just the least squeamish about his hiring, he started with a bang—one that went straight through the alumni. At the first practice a large allotment of grads gathered as they always had in years past, and Knight ordered them out. They went away howling. Knight ordered all practices closed because he wants nothing to distract his players. "If you are at a practice, you're supposed to be totally quiet," says Bob Hammel, sports editor of the Bloomington *Herald-Telephone*. "He has upbraided people for talking. That's his classroom and you don't talk in the classroom; you listen."

From the beginning Knight showed that the chain of command of basketball at Indiana would be one general and a lot of privates. "He's extremely military-minded," says Dr. Donald Boop, a dentist who was Knight's next-door neighbor and something of a surrogate father in Orrville, Ohio. "He never fought in a war, but he could sit there and talk

*continued*

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battles with the generals for hours."

Among Knight's first orders was one for preseason conditioning drills. His new troops thought he was kidding. "We found out in a hurry," says Steve Downing, the Hoosiers' 6'8" senior center. "Our freshmen couldn't believe it. Neither could I. When we began last year I almost went into shock."

"We run a lot of 25-, 50-, and 75-yard dashes," says Ritter. "A whole lot of them. Then we finish by running to the top of the seats."

"Yeah, 109 steps," says Downing. "I count every one on the way up. After that, we figured practice would be easier. Ha! I'm always mad at the coach. 'Course I never tell him."

When practice began officially, Knight ended the conditioning drills. In their place was the football fumble drill. Two players line up on each side of the foul line and Knight rolls a ball between them. When it reaches a certain spot, the players dive for it.

"You learn in a hurry that the ball is golden," says Steve Green, a 6'7" sophomore who was on his way to either Kentucky or Vanderbilt—until he met Knight and became the first to sign with the new coach. "He sat down with me and told me what he was going to do and I believed him. And up to now he's done it. But, oh, that first day. It was a new experience. But I agree with his methods. Everybody agrees—when the season is over. During it we grumble."

Green adds, "When I saw that fumble drill just coming out of high school, I thought, 'Oh, God.' Now in a game you just dive for a ball without thinking. Later you think, gee, that hurt. After games we check each other for blood. We're kind of proud of how tough we are. We give an award. I won one once. 'Course I had some scabs left over from practice and I kind of picked them when no one was looking."

Another drill finds three men under a basket. A manager tosses a ball against the backboard and the trio goes up for the rebound. The one who grabs the ball has to go back up for a shot.

"It's an old Ohio State drill," Knight explains. "A lot of hacking and fouling. Havlicek put seven stitches in my eyebrow during one of those things. They sewed me up on the training table and I finished the practice. You didn't get a lot of sympathy there either. Pain is a state of mind." A grin breaks out. "My

wife is always telling me she's tired of hearing that." (When Bobby takes sick, Nancy consoles him with, "Pain is just a state of mind. Get up." It leaves him less than happy.)

The first year the optimists hoped for a 12-12 season. Knight gave them 17-8, including nine of 10 victories in Indiana's last Big Ten games, and a third-place finish in the conference. Whatever howls there had been from the alumni had long since dissipated. And Knight had drawn hardly a technical and had yet to smash his first chair. There were a few grumbles, but mostly from Bill Musselman, the Minnesota coach, who was upset because Knight beat him and then refused to shake his hand. "I was thirsty," says Knight, "so I left the game 10 seconds early." Knight has always maintained close ties with Fred Taylor, and it is doubtful that he will ever forgive Musselman or Minnesota for what the Gophers did to Ohio State's Luke Witte last season. But he says there is no feud and that he wants no part of one. What he does want is another victory over the Gophers when the two teams meet this Saturday.

At season's end last spring, Knight went recruiting and returned with an outstanding group of youngsters, including Quinn Buckner, the football-basketball All-America from Phoenix, Ill. This past fall the 6'2", 198-pound Buckner was Indiana's starting safety. The season ended on Saturday; on Monday Buckner was hard at work for Knight.

"That's the beautiful thing here," says Green. "Quinn was a high school All-America, a real star, but he is treated no differently than a guy who was just a state all-star, like me. Nobody is better than anyone else."

"Yeah, right," says Downing. "Coach screams at everybody."

Because Buckner was a day late reporting for practice, Knight put him on the second team. He did not stay there long—four days to be exact. He was tearing up the starters and Knight decided Buckner, or maybe the rest of them, had been punished enough. The freshman moved up to the first team. Indiana opened its season with five seniors, five sophomores and seven freshmen, and won 13 of its first 15 games before the loss—by a point—to Ohio State. Knight took the first two losses—to South Carolina and Texas at El Paso—with the grace of a man who has just

learned that his bride has been going out with the French army. His expressions of displeasure were volcanic. In the UTEP game, he drew three technicals in almost as many seconds and automatically was ejected. He left peacefully enough—and under escort of a Pinkerton guard.

"What are you going to do?" Knight asked his assistant coach, Dave Bliss, on his way out.

"I don't know," said Bliss. "But they are going to shoot about 100 technical foul shots and that will give me 20 minutes to think of something."

What Bliss did not do was draw a technical. "Can you believe what would happen to me?" he asks. "I almost got one once. I threw a towel on the floor and the official came over and warned if I did it again I'd get a T. Bobby looked up sweetly and said, 'He was just killing bugs. You can't believe how many are walking in front of our bench.' Nowadays I get rid of all rolled-up programs and towels before the game starts."

"That's a good idea," says Knight. "The biggest mistake is having something near that you can throw."

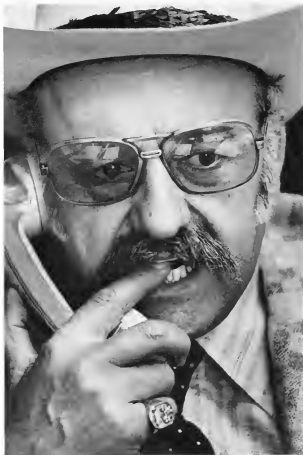
Both losses were away from home. By the time the team returned, the stories of Knight's rages had taken on a new dimension. After the South Carolina affair, it was said that he had kicked out a window at the Indianapolis airport. Apparently no one checked. What he had done, with his hands full of luggage, was to put out his foot to stop a swinging glass door and it had shattered. "It was already cracked," says Bliss. "Most of the players avoided it but I guess Bobby didn't notice." During the UTEP game, it was said, he had thrown a chair into the crowd. What he had done was slap a hand down hard against a light plastic chair and it had *skidded* backward. And he immediately turned and apologized to the crowd. He was, it was said, taken from the court, this time by the police.

Most of the stories were printed as true in one of Bloomington's two afternoon papers, but other than straightening out the reporter who wrote them, Knight did nothing. "I guess I came to Indiana without the greatest reputation for sitting quietly," he says. "I doubt if I'll live it down. Whatever I do is magnified. I could become the mildest coach in the world and nobody would believe it." He pauses. "Not even me." **END**

Dad wouldn't let him run the old Studebaker so J.C. Agajanian became a sponsor instead. Now he wheels and deals as the high-rolling dandy in a couple of sporting worlds **by KIM CHAPIN**

Ascot Park is an oval half-mile dirt racetrack with a motorcycle course meandering through its infield, and where there aren't any billboards the wooden fence is painted what they call Richard Petty blue. The track is located in Gardena, Calif., on top of an old municipal dump, almost at the conjunction of the San Diego and Harbor freeways. It is the fourth track in the Los

## GIN RUMMY AND RACING CARS



Angeles area to bear that name over the past 65 years, which gives the place a pretty good pedigree. Ascot is known nationally as the most famous motorcycle track on the West Coast, and for midget racers its Thanksgiving Day Grand Prix is the key prestige event on the United States Auto Club calendar. Still, at first—maybe even third—glance this is an unlikely setting for a man whose race cars have won two Indianapolis 500s and seized the pole position three times, a man who may well be the single most influential person in USAC championship car racing today.

But then J.C. Agajanian, the 59-year-old president, pooh-bah and sartorial wonder of Ascot, is a rather unlikely sort himself. The most significant thing about the current part owner of the Agajanian-Leader Card Special is that he is the self-made Number One son of a self-made Armenian immigrant, a fact that over the years has dictated not only his personal life-style but his choice of professions. Except for the circumstances of his birth, Agajanian today might be an ex-race driver—or more likely a dead one, considering his long-standing indifference toward the American motor car.

Once on the Los Angeles freeways Agajanian literally drove Kelly Petillo, the 1935 Indy 500 winner, to distraction with his uneven stop-and-go driving. And when Petillo, who was more romantic about such things, sought to admonish him, Aggie retorted, "Look, I don't care what happens to this car. If I drive it into the guardrail I can always get another one." Petillo slumped down in the passenger seat and said sadly, "Aggie, don't ever talk about a car like that."

But Aggie was saved from himself because in certain clannish societies, notably the Armenian, the oldest son is

not only expected to enter the family business but to carry on the family name. Since a prerequisite for the latter is living long enough to propagate, Aggie's career as a professional driver ended in 1932, roughly 24 hours after he had bought his first race car.

First he got the use of his father's street car, a Studebaker President 8, on the pretext of having it washed every Saturday afternoon. Instead, Aggie used it to gain a reputation as a street racer along Alameda, or "Truck Boulevard," as it was then known. According to Aggie, "There were a couple of S turns that were kinda hairy if you didn't get them done right," and his friends thought that he negotiated them well enough to consider a racing career.

Finally, one Friday afternoon when his father was out of town, Aggie secretly borrowed \$1,500 and bought a sprint car. The next day his father came home, saw Aggie working on the car, and an Armenian drama ensued:

Father: What is that?

Aggie: My racer.

Father: You're not gonna drive.

Aggie: Yes, I am.

Father: Then you can take your clothes and change your name and leave home.

(Dramatic pause)

Father: You haven't left yet. That means you're not gonna drive.

Aggie says today, "Well, I was tired and hungry—I had worked on that car all day—and I had a pretty good thing going at home. So I hesitated. I know now that father was bluffing, that if I'd started to go he would have grabbed my arm and said, 'Now wait a minute.' But we made a deal right there: I wouldn't drive and he would help finance the race car. It's a deal that still holds, and to this day I haven't driven a race car."

Nor did Agajanian play football beyond his freshman year in high school since his father considered football and auto racing to have approximately the same degree of mortality. Younger brother Ben Agajanian was not so protected, however, and went on to a 22-year career as a placekicker for teams in four professional football leagues, and is still the training camp kicking coach for the Dallas Cowboys.

Nondriver Agajanian got involved instead with the Western Racing Association, a ragtag group of drivers who

promoted their own races and whose weekly cash balance always seemed to hover right around \$100, no matter how big the gate. The week the WRA made Aggie its treasurer the balance jumped to \$1,100, and his career as a race organizer—he hates the term promoter—was assured. Although just 20, Aggie was an instant success, not only because he was a shrewd businessman but because he quickly gained a reputation for honesty—a trait that was not exactly in vogue at the time. "About 90% of the race promoters in the '30s were crooks," Agajanian says, "and I would think that about 30% of them still are today."

As a businessman Agajanian has rarely been on the short end of a promotion as long as it had wheels. But in 1948 he was beaten by a baseball team, the Bibebe-Douglas (Ariz.) Javelinas, a rude member of the Class C Arizona-Texas League and a distant affiliate of the New York Yankees. He had been talked into buying the club almost on a dare, and early in the season it was obvious Aggie was going to lose a bundle. He did—a \$30,000 bundle. He could handle the auto-racing crowd, but the diamond set was something else. "I'd need a pitcher," said Aggie, "and some owner would tout me on a guy from Yakima, or some such place, so I'd buy him for \$2,500. Two days later I'd have to release him. At the end of the year all I had left was a bunch of uniforms and the team bus. The uniforms I gave to some charity; the bus didn't even make it back to California."

That was Agajanian's first and last venture away from cars. Meanwhile, back at racing things were jelling for him. He attempted to enter a car in the 1948 Indianapolis 500 but was rebuffed because the Automobile Association of America, the racing predecessor of USAC, felt that Agajanian was blocking its promotions on the West Coast. So his car was entered under the names of his two mechanics and was called, honestly, the Smith & Jones Special. That lasted until Agajanian and the AAA got together and agreed that he could enter the 500 under his own name if he would promote AAA races in California beginning in 1949.

Thus began Aggie's association with the Indy 500 and AAA/USAC, a happy union whose 25th anniversary was honored at the Speedway last May. Thus also began the self-establishment of J.C.

Agajanian as the most famous race-car owner in America, a title often claimed by others but never for very long.

Agajanian's driver that first year was the late Johnny Mantz, a sprint-car racer of considerable talent who was the first in a long line of rookies Aggie has sponsored at the Brickyard. More important, Mantz brought to the team car number 98. His seventh-place Indy finish that year was hardly anything to excite the imagination, but the next season Aggie's "98 Jr." sprint car, with Mantz up, won 13 straight races—and all of them were Agajanian promotions. If 98 had had no special significance before, it gained it that season and quickly became the most famous car number in America.

At about the same time Agajanian bought a 10-gallon hat to protect himself from a particularly hot Arizona day. He isn't sure why he continued to wear the hat—except that it seemed a good idea at the time and he was pretty bald by then anyway—but the hat soon became such a trademark that he couldn't have discarded it even if he had wanted to, which, realizing its promotional value, he didn't.

Actually, the cowboy hat itself is old hat: a regular off-white beaver hide that he buys in half-dozen lots for \$100 apiece and either throws away after a few wearings or gives away as prized souvenirs. What really matters is the band. It is a rich maroon and on close inspection is found to be hand-sewn and composed of the tiny colorful neck feathers of God knows how many ring-necked pheasants. (Occasionally Aggie has chased after a thief who didn't know the hat was his for the asking if only he would return the band.)

Hats aside, Aggie's wardrobe would always have set him apart, anyway. Nowadays, with the patient guidance of his wife Faye, a redhead who combines the best of Rhonda Fleming and Alexis Smith, and daughter Joan, a bubbling extrovert who is more like her father than any of the family's three sons, Aggie always looks as though he has just stepped out of Mr. Guy's. That chic Beverly Hills haberdashery does, in fact, supply most of his wardrobe, from his \$350 suits down to his \$42 shirts and \$18 neckties. Aggie's sport coats come with leather elbow patches already installed.

Agajanian is not only a highly visible figure but an imposing one as well, and

continued

the past quarter-century has treated him kindly. He stands a barrel-chested 5' 11" and his weight hovers critically around the 180-pound mark; below that mark he is a positive delight; above it he is a cantankerous grump. His right-out-of-Armenia face is dominated by limpid brown eyes, and the overall impression is one of agelessness. Pictures of him taken in the early Indy days suggest a maturity beyond his years; more recent photographs suggest a much younger man than 59. Indeed, the only real signs of his age are gray sideburns and a graying mustache. Aggie looks like maybe William Saroyan cast him as Marlon Brando playing Don Corleone. And he knows it, too.

The center of Agajanian's social life is the tennis court near the French Regency mansion he built just over a year ago in Truesdale Estates, a section of Beverly Hills whose other residents include Dinah Shore, General Omar Bradley and, far up a hill in a twinkling \$4 million palace, Danny Thomas. On any given afternoon, and especially on Saturdays, Aggie can be found on the court dressed in a blue warmup suit, organizing a perpetual round robin whose entrants include friends, relatives, celebrities such as Rodger Ward, Buddy Hackett and Willie Shoemaker, whose penthouse apartment is just around the corner on Sunset Boulevard and who is susceptible to a good lob. Lately the gang has included a clutch of Democratic politicians, much to the chagrin of his father, an unreconstructed Tory. "Can't you find any Republicans to play with?" he begs of his son. Aggie himself is apolitical. "I love politicians," he says, "but I hate politics. It's too dirty."

The house itself is decorated in Early Indy 98 Modern; there is a 98 on the gate to the driveway, a combination 10-gallon-98 floral arrangement in the garden beneath the patio, a 98 needlework pillow done by Faye. Naturally, the telephone number ends in 98.

In a bar area off the lavish den are the mementoes of Agajanian's 40-year racing career, including photographs of two of the three crowning moments of his long Indy tenure—the Victory Lane pictures with Troy Ruttman in 1952 and Parnelli Jones in 1963. Not recorded is the moment when Aggie made his first big splash at the Brickyard.

In 1950 he brought Walt Faulkner, another rookie, to Indianapolis. Just sec-

onds before the first day of qualifying ended, Faulkner—the cockpit of the massive car stuffed with pillows so the 5'6", 130-pound driver could see over the windscreen—took to the track and set one-lap and four-lap qualifying records and wrested the pole away from Tony Bettenhausen. Aggie, beside himself with joy, promptly hoisted his tiny driver in his arms and paraded up and down pit row with him.

Agajanian's relationship with drivers is unique. He is hardly an absentee owner, but once he makes his choice of personnel Aggie refuses to have anything to do with the running of his team. "I have never given a 'Go' sign to a driver," he said. "I don't want a driver to get hurt or one of my cars wrecked because of a decision I made."

He admires drivers but wants success for them only so they can retire from racing with a comfortable bankroll. He is still sad that Ruttman, who remains the youngest driver ever to win at the Speedway—he was 22—did not accept any financial advice and has suffered for it. And he is still delighted that Jones did seek his financial help.

"Parnelli came to me at the end of the 1962 season and told me, 'Aggie, I've got \$10,000 and I've never had that much money before. Help me invest it.' Today Parnelli is a wealthy man." The joint Agajanian and Jones real-estate investments, worth about \$500,000, are only a part of the Jones fortune.

After the 1966 season sponsor Aggie tried to talk driver Jones into retirement. Parnelli was only 33 then and a man of fierce pride, and most people thought that such a decision would be premature, including Jones himself. "People will think I'm a coward," he told Agajanian.

"Just slap 'em across the face with your wallet," Aggie replied, and Jones almost did retire—until Andy Granatelli talked him into driving the radical new turbine racer the following May. But on Aggie's advice, Jones did not sell himself cheaply, and it was rumored that Granatelli paid \$300,000 for Parnelli's services.

A comparison between car owners Agajanian and Granatelli is inevitable, and while there is perhaps no lasting bad blood between the two flamboyant personalities, neither is there a deep friendship. Not too long ago Granatelli paid Agajanian a backhanded compliment by writing, "Aggie is the second-

best promoter in the country." On Aggie's part, his disaffection goes back more than 20 years, to a time when he was promoting races in Illinois and received a threat from the "Chicago boys" to get the hell out of the state. Twenty years ago the "Chicago boys" could have meant most any gang and Aggie, not quite sure exactly whose feathers he was ruffling, boiled out.

Several years later at a dinner party at Granatelli's, Agajanian learned that Andy himself was behind the eviction notice. "Andy told me he was only kidding," said Aggie.

Aggie has always played by the rules, but he also plays the USAC power game as well as anyone ever has. Although he is loath to talk about his role in that organization's clubby politics, which he sees firsthand from his position as a member of its board of directors, executive committee and rules and safety committees, it is clear from other conversations that Aggie has been personally responsible for more than one hiring and firing over the years. It is to his credit that through it all, the major wars and the petty skirmishes, he has maintained his reputation for integrity.

Perhaps the fullest measure of the respect paid Agajanian was shown in September 1971 when he was chosen—much to Granatelli's chagrin—to introduce to President Nixon the 150 members of the racing fraternity who had been invited to the White House for an afternoon bash. A White House memo after the reception said in part, "[Agajanian] knew every man coming through the line and introduced each to the President with avuncular fondness. The assurance of this man in the Presidential presence, as compared to the deference of even most Congressmen, was a marvel. It is safe to guess that the Nixon back was slapped more times by the Agajanian right paw alone in that one hour, than by all the rest of the American people in all 32 months since the Inauguration put together. The big dude was absolutely irrepresable . . ."

Still, there is a certain aura about Aggie that produces a subtle sense of intimidation. Vel Miletch, co-owner of the Vel's-Parnelli Jones racing team, remembers the day in 1960 when he introduced Jones to Agajanian, thus bringing together the principals in what was to become one of the most successful Indy teams of all time.

"I went up to Aggie at some track on the West Coast," said Mileich, "and told him there was a good young driver that wanted to meet him."

"Aggie said, 'Sure. Where is he?'"

"Over there," I said, and I pointed to where Parnelli was standing, not 20 feet away with his head hanging down, seuffing the dirt like some young colt.

"Why won't he come over?" Aggie asked, and I had to tell him, "He's afraid of you."

Parnelli Jones? Afraid?

Although auto racing is Agajanian's most visible activity, it definitely is not his only one. "If I had only one thing going," he said, "I'd go crazy."

The other going things include a partnership with his father in the Municipal Service Company, which collects all of the residential garbage in Gardena and which several years back prompted Aggie's most-quoted one-liner, "I'm in the used-food business"; a nearby private dump that he owns in partnership; various real-estate holdings; and Agajanian Enterprises. This is the subsidiary that brings out the P.T. Barnum in Aggie. Its productions tend to be on the colossal scale and involve, in addition to motor sports personalities, cycling madman Evel Knievel, who is ready to jump the entire Los Angeles Basin if they can build a long enough takeoff ramp.

Aggie obviously hasn't been able to talk Knievel into retirement. "That so-and-so," said Aggie. "I don't think he ever carries a watch. He called me at 4 o'clock one morning to tell me he broke his back again."

Agajanian's limitless energy—his normal workday begins at 7 a.m. and ends at midnight—seems in part from a remarkable lack of vices. He eats not for pleasure but merely because food is required to stay alive. He long ago gave up smoking, and he drinks only an occasional highball, a feat of near-abstinence he did not learn from his father, who used to put away 20 or so Scotch and sodas a night until he found they didn't mix too well with the medicine he was taking for his arthritis. (His father has since discovered that brandy and medicine mix just fine, and at 81 he will not turn down a café royale.) Aggie considers bars a waste of time and will not enter them except under duress. "Thirty minutes in a bar," he says, "is a half hour out of a man's life."

Gin rummy, however, is another mat-

ter. Recently, on a rainy Saturday in Trenton, N.J., Aggie devoted 12 straight hours to the game with two racing cronies from the Midwest who had flown in for the occasion. The following day, much to his delight, he was introduced by the track's public-address announcer as "the world's greatest gin-rummy player—and also a car owner," despite the fact that he was about to leave town some \$400 poorer. "I'm ahead over the years, though," he says. He recouped some of his losses from Mileich and Jones on the plane back to Los Angeles, and upon arriving home made a phone call and was soon off to his regular Monday night game.

None of which really explains why Agajanian spends a good portion of every business day in his rather barren office at Ascot Park, personally overseeing the plethora of seemingly petty details of a track where, depending on the night, the gourmet motor-sports enthusiast can see everything from those USAC nudges and AMA bikes to dune buggies. With his businessman's penchant for minutiae (he loves to tell the story about a flustered employee who once told him, "I made some mental notes, Aggie, but I lost 'em"), he personally pokes on everything from the content of the nightly programs to the quality of the hot dogs and the cleanliness of the rest rooms.

A couple of years ago it appeared that Agajanian was cutting back his racing activities. As a promoter he had been forced out of one track, Phoenix International, and another major enterprise, the Hanford Motor Speedway near Sacramento, had been closed down, and Aggie himself seemed to be edging near a graceful retirement. Then last spring Agajanian announced that he was back in business as a minority partner but full-time president and promoter at Ascot, and the storied and seedy track quite unexpectedly had a new lease on life—a 20-year one, to be exact—to the amazement of his friends and the relief of his wife. "I don't think men should retire," says Faye, "especially J.C. He'd get too antsy."

But why Ascot when Aggie could probably have any job in racing, at least USAC racing, if he would only make himself available? He says he would not like the USAC presidency, for example, because it would be a full-time job and would take time away from his other business interests. The real reason, how-

ever, is probably simpler. Aggie always deals with people one-on-one, whether the problem at hand is a six-figure sponsorship for his race car or a one-figure question involving a mimeograph machine, and an organization such as USAC, replete with its myriad committees and a host of middlemen, simply would not allow Aggie that pleasure.

Then, too, there is his family.

J.C. Agajanian is very much his father's son. James Thaddeus Agajanian fled Russian Armenia with his pregnant wife Harnas Kardsashian in 1913 at the age of 21 to avoid service in the Czar's army, and settled in Los Angeles as a \$1-a-day dishwasher at the posh Alexandria Hotel. He quickly parlayed a fee of \$25 to bury a friend's dead horse into the Municipal Service Company, became a wealthy man and over the years financed passage for 22 assorted relatives from his ravaged homeland to Los Angeles.

In 1942 J.T. Agajanian made his oldest son J.C. a full partner, and today their desks sit facing one another in the corner back offices of the Municipal Service Company. Aggie's first act when he arrives in the morning is to kiss his father, first on the left cheek, then on the right, an awkward but affectionate and totally unembarrassed gesture. It is part of the Armenian tradition, and is reciprocated in turn by his three sons—Cary, 31, a lawyer for the City of Los Angeles, and Jay, 26, and Chris, 24, who work for the track. Deference to age is still strong among the Agajanians. In a small way it is shown by the distribution of the season tickets Aggie holds for Los Angeles Ram home games. Two on the 50-yard line are for him and his father, two on the 30 are for Cary and his wife, and another pair are for Jay and Chris—on the 10.

When Agajanian was asked to list his closest friends, he named all of his immediate relatives before he even considered anybody in racing.

Still, there is a certain Agajanian perspective. At a recent banquet honoring him for his long service to the Armenian-American Citizens' League, J.T. heard himself lauded to the skies, then stood up and said in his native Armenian, "Don't praise me so much or I'll stand up and break a leg."

From his position at a back-row table, Aggie folded his arms and nodded quiet agreement. END

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# TENNIS IN A ROYAL SETTING

---

The Acapulco Princess hotel, built by U.S. billionaire Daniel K. Ludwig and \$45 million, is a splendid ziggurat rising from 200 acres of Mexico's gold coast 12 miles north of Acapulco.

The luxurious hotel crowns a setting on the brink of the Pacific that ancient kings might envy. Sixteen tiers diminishing skyward brim with more than 150,000 flowering bougainvillea plants reminiscent of the hanging gardens of Babylon. It took 15 architects to create the Acapulco Princess, which has 777 rooms, six penthouses, 2,000-plus employees, a one-acre kitchen and a water purification system that daily produces a million gallons of "the best water in Mexico." Rainbows shine everywhere throughout verdant gardens, and landscape artist Julian George, who likes a colorful scene, explains the phenomenon this way: "The waterfalls were especially designed so that I can have rainbows exactly where I want them throughout the day." In all of this sybaritic atmosphere, however, the serious tennis player will not suffer. Bill Sweeney, the resident pro, has seen to that with his domed, air-conditioned courts ready for day and night play.—JULE CAMPBELL

The freshwater pools and saltwater lagoons at the Princess' feet are not ordinary swimming holes. One pool has underwater music to swim by while another boasts a 25-foot waterfall over a small bar.









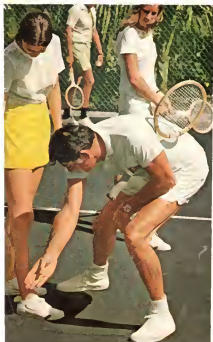
Two of the eight courts at the Acapulco Process are in an air-conditioned building with translucent domes and grandstand seating for

1,000. Bill Sweeney says, "I had carte blanche from Mr. Ludwig to build the finest indoor tennis facility in the world, and I did."



In new-fashion tennis wear, Evelyn Fante watches as Christina Ferraro, in the pink, waits for a serve. Sweeney says of Christine, "She adds luster to my game."





## TELL YOUR TROUBLES TO SWEENEY

It has been another rugged day on the courts for Bill Sweeney, the head tennis pro at the Acapulco Princess. Now, at sundown, showered and dressed in white loafers, white slacks and a black and white silky shirt open to the chest he is relaxing in his suite, sipping Mexican champagne. The suite—a \$1,000-a-week spread with a view of the ocean out front, the mountains behind and his courts below, and with a bathtub the size of some swimming pools—is provided to Sweeney free of charge by the Princess management. Later, when Sweeney and friends dine at one of the hotel's numerous restaurants, his signature on the check will be payment enough. Rod Laver should have it so good.

Not that life for Sweeney is all silky shirts and champagne. Tennis at the Princess starts at seven in the morning and continues until 10 at night, and for much of that time Sweeney can be found on the premises in his neatly pressed whites, giving a lesson to an anonymous vacationer or perhaps a Johnny Carson, or filling in a fourth for doubles. He is a practical teacher who realizes that no two people are constructed the same way, that you cannot expect a 55-year-old woman to bend her knees for a low volley as eagerly as a 17-year-old boy. Nor is he a badgerer. After all, virtually everyone he teaches is in Acapulco for fun, not to become a tennis star, and so Sweeney makes a lesson enjoyable.

A less appealing aspect of his job is that of El Director de Tennis, as a sign outside his office reads. Arranging games and times for guests to play is a constant hassle. "A fellow will come up and tell me he's an A player at his club back home," says Sweeney. "Another says he's only fair. I match the two and of course the fair player turns out to be much better and is bored to death." For this reason it is better for the serious ten-

nis player to bring his own partner with him. The demand for the hotel's courts is so great that they are filled virtually all day. The only time a guest can be sure of space is outdoors between one and four in the afternoon when the sun is so hot even lizards take cover.

Bill Sweeney is 53 years old, not that you would know it to look at him. He is tall, broad-shouldered, thin-waisted, tanned and only slightly graying. He is from Medford, Mass., but his accent reveals his New England origin only occasionally, as when he uses a phrase like "box of conflicts," an interesting image until you realize he was saying cornflakes. Sweeney was a good hockey player and a better tennis player at Medford High in the '30s and he won many small Eastern tournaments before going into the Army in World War II. One day on maneuvers in North Carolina in 1942, Sweeney and three other men were riding in a truck when it tipped over and exploded. Only Sweeney survived. The tendons in his right shoulder were so badly torn that future tennis became impossible. Even today Sweeney has little strength in his right hand and his arm aches when it is cold, a condition he never experiences in Acapulco.

Discharged from the service, Sweeney tried an assortment of jobs, including that of a correction officer at a state prison in Massachusetts ("I hated it," he says. "I might as well have been a convict"). One day a doctor suggested he try playing tennis left-handed. "You have another arm," the doctor said. "It's the same size as the right, so use it." It took Sweeney about three years but at the end of that time he was good enough to become a professional. "I knew I was too old to go to the top as a player," he says. Instead, Sweeney became the pro at York Harbor in Maine. In the years since he has taught at an assortment of clubs ranging from New York City to Grand Bahama Island, which is where he was when the Princess Hotel summoned him to Acapulco.

Sweeney's indoor tennis palace is

worth the wait it usually requires to book a court. The surface is Sportface (as is that of the outdoor courts), a smooth carpet that guarantees a perfect bounce. The lighting is excellent although periodically the fuses blow and darkness descends on the customers, who are paying \$12 an hour or \$16 if receiving instruction from Sweeney. At either end of the hall is a spectator area decorated with an assortment of live Mexican plants, brightly colored lawn furniture and umbrellas to create an outdoor atmosphere. It is, in short, an excellent setting for the game.

The Princess is also an excellent setting for hedonism. Room prices range from \$76 to \$175 a day, modified American plan, but there is quite a bit for the money. The grounds are sprinkled with swimming pools, bars, bamboo huts and palm trees, some with loudspeakers strapped to the trunks, from which floats soft music. People lie around on mats reading paperbacks and spreading oil on their faces, sometimes sipping exotic drinks out of coconuts or pineapples. You can ride a toboggan slide down a man-made mountain and fall six feet into a saltwater pool, or swim through a waterfall into a bar with underwater bar stools. There are two 18-hole golf courses to one side of the hotel, a beach and an ocean to the other, but the undertow can be strong and sharks not unknown. At night well-placed lights accent the blue of the pools, the green of the palms, the whitecaps in the ocean. This and the music, the drinks and the balmy breezes make the real world seem dangerously insignificant.

Down the beach from the hotel the shoreline ends abruptly, cut off by rocks over which tiny crabs scurry and by brown hills covered with cactus. There is a wooden shack built on pilings above the high-water mark in which someone may have once lived and perhaps still does. Standing there, with your back to the Princess, it is easy to imagine what the land looked like years ago. That was nice, too.

—WALTER BINGHAM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BINGHAM JR.

Bill Sweeney, tennis pro at the Acapulco Princess, puts in long hours teaching, but these pretty pupils are his workman's compensation.

**H**ealth, that new American Holy Grail, had me in its grip. My friends all seemed to be eating brown rice, vegetables sprinkled with sesame seed and protose soaked in whale oil.

My own feelings about food have long been ambivalent. No one can lure me to dinner by promising to cook a meal like mother used to make. My mother was a woman of infinite virtues, but cooking wasn't one of them, she raised my brother, sister and me on an endless succession of rubber roasts, boiled potatoes and peanut butter. We dreaded Sundays, for that day mother was apt to

bake a cake as a special treat. The only "treat" that could match it for indigestibility was her lemon meringue pie. Her most spectacular catastrophe, though, was home-brewed root beer, an adventure that kept us in the kitchen for most of one day. The product added up to about 50 bottles of a dark, odorous brew that was finally corked and stored on a shelf in the basement to ferment. One summer morning the hazards of the fermentation process overtook us. We awoke to the sound of corks shooting out of bottles like bullets, followed by jet streams of sticky

spray and shattering glass as the bottles rolled off the shelf onto the concrete floor. That morning my mother stood in her nightgown at the top of the basement stairs, observed the damage and declared, "Children, I give up! From now on you'll have to make do with store-bought food." It was one of the happiest days of our lives. Ever since, I have existed on food produced, prepared and packaged by invisible hands.

So that's my case history, and I might have gone on forever chomping on processed crackers had not a sporting cri-

## COOK IT UP AND DISH IT OUT

She was a weakling, challenged by a behemoth. Well, David killed Goliath—that was food for thought. After feasting on Biblical honey and organic fare, she looked in the pink **by JEANNETTE BRUCE**



sis arisen that led me to investigate health foods.

I was taking judo at the time, in a lodylike sort of way. My only distinction in the sport was that I had been a white belt longer than anyone in the school. No one, not even children, avoided me. I had a propensity for lying down on the mat at the first sign of aggression. I have always been small, and no amount of exercise has improved my natural condition. I am a weakling.

"Switch to health foods," my friends advised. "What you need is nutrition for extra stamina." The idea was already in the back of my mind when I met Lady Goliath, a green belt bucking for brown who turned up in the dojo one evening, and, after wiping the mat

with most of the class, challenged little old me.

"I am told that you couldn't toss a coin," she said. Very funny. I chose not to argue the point. She was one enormous cookie.

"Some other time," I said. "What I'd like to do is put on some weight so we'd be more evenly matched. So if you don't mind waiting until I add an extra hundred pounds or so..."

"You coward," she said, a fairly accurate description.

"Sticks and stones," I quipped lightly, remaining seated with my back to the wall, my legs tucked under me in the approved Oriental position of rest. Fortunately, the class ended at that point and I escaped to the street.

"She'll be laying for you," said one of my friends. And indeed, I began to hear rumors about what Lady Goliath was planning to do to me. I dismissed the talk as absurd but listened more carefully when a brown belt told me, "You have to start eating properly. Health foods will give you energy, a sense of well-being. You get the feeling you can take on the world."

Harry, my current flame, thought the whole thing was ridiculous. His theory was that a direct confrontation with Goliath, even one backed up by nutrition, was a bad idea. Cut and run was his advice. Harry never has had any particular interest in the martial arts, but he loves to eat, and he didn't like the sound of some of the recipes I was proposing as replacements for the Blimpies he was fond of and other hardy fare usually served when he came to dinner. The thought of lung-bean stew and brain-sweetbread salad left him cold. "There's a recipe here for leftover brains," I remarked, browsing through a new cookbook. Harry said I had none to begin with.

"Many athletes are hip to health foods," I pointed out. Harry has a general admiration for athletes. "Gary Player, for example, won't go anywhere without his raisins, nuts and wheat germ."

"You've got to expect an eccentric here and there," said Harry.

"Many football coaches have taken steak off their training tables, replacing meat with glasses of pregame glucose," I said. This news sent Harry into

such a fit of depression he went home.

I shopped for the proper groceries the following day. My first stop was Vic Boff's Health & Fitness Aids on upper Broadway in Manhattan. Mr. Boff was unpacking a crate of cold-pressed soybean oil. He was an amiable man with a sturdy build and ruddy complexion. He was dedicated to the proposition that natural foods are better than processed foods. "Take this, for instance," he said, handing me an egg out of the refrigerator. It looked like an ordinary egg.

"Organic," he said. I looked blank. "These are all fertilized eggs," he said. I was still blank. "Roosters," prompted Mr. Boff softly. Ah! "Many farms now deal only in organic eggs." I dropped half a dozen into my shopping bag.

"Goat's milk," said Mr. Boff, pulling a carton out of the other side of the refrigerator. "Some people like it, some don't." Into the shopping bag. We paused next at a shelf of teas. Alfalfa, rose hip, peppermint, camomile, comfrey leaves, fenugreek, fennel, buckthorn, senna, huckleberry leaf, licorice, red clover, papaya...

"Many people believe in treating ailments with herbs," said Mr. Boff. He handed me a book by Jethro Kloss called *Back to Eden*. I opened it at random to a page devoted to cures for hiccups. There were seven in all, including the suggestions that one suck an orange, which seemed pleasant enough, or eat a piece of chalk, which didn't. My mother, who had never read Mr. Kloss, used to jump out of closets and go A-raght, a cure the book didn't mention.

Mr. Boff was dropping samples of tea in my shopping bag, mostly products of West Germany with indecipherable labels, such as Aufgussbeutel, Hagobutten mit Karkade—rose hips, said Mr. Boff—an I something called Fuxfenchel that was reputed to be good for gas, acid stomach, zout, cramps, colic and in a pinch could be used as an eyewash.

By the time I left I had acquired a sack of unbleached, unmillied, whole-grain flour, Biblical honey—so named because it comes from the manna plant, which I thought was very cute—and organic cookies, carob candy bars for instant stamina, dried apricots and a snack of toasted tuddley-winks.

Then I was off to Good Earth, an or-

restation!



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## DISH IT OUT *continued*

game supermarket on the other side of the city, for a healthy bunch of carrots. Lips that touch insecticide shall never touch mine, I warbled. The next stop was at Greenberg's Natural Foods in the East Village. Mr. Greenberg specializes in beans, which fill immense bins. There were 15 varieties of beans to choose from in a multitude of colors—lentils, soybeans, aduki beans, black and pink beans, red lentils, pinto, navy, lima, horse and mung beans. I am very fond of beans. So is Harry. An artist friend of ours used to make beautiful pictures using nothing but beans, which he glued to a canvas in a variety of designs. He was a talented fellow, always looking for new mediums. I bought some aduki beans and headed for the Demeter restaurant, not far from Greenberg's.

The Demeter is a stronghold of macrobiotic devotees and hippies who know, or think they know, the importance of being not too *yin* (ice cream and fruit are *yin*) and not too *yang* (meat and eggs are *yang*) but somewhere in between so that the opposing but complementary *Yen* forces will prolong life and keep one from being *sapoku*. Do the whites of your eyes show under the iris? You are *sapoku*, a disastrous thing to be in macrobiotic circles.

The Demeter, a small, dimly lit room, was furnished with wooden tables that were sturdy though unfinished. Behind a barricade four feet high at the back of the room was a steam table. A young man with very long hair was stirring something in a caldron. It turned out to be brown rice, which he ladled onto a plate and presented wordlessly to a customer. The customer took a mug from a shelf and poured himself tea from a battered and apparently communal teapot. No one paid any attention to me. I sat quietly, contemplating my bag of aduki beans and the organic carrots, which were going to give me a new grip on my destiny. Finally a girl dressed in an ankle-length skirt came over to my table. I looked her squarely in the eye so that she could see she was not dealing with someone who was *sapoku*.

"What do you recommend?" I asked, as though torn between the *crêpes suzette* and *mousse au chocolat*. She gestured toward a blackboard attached to one wall, on which several items were scrawled in chalk.

"Tell him what you want." She pointed.

*continued*



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In this picture everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

**1.** Nope. He's Alfonso Ciggitt, divorce lawyer. Gimmick: far out dress to intimidate the opposition. Smokes cigarettes made of dried tundra. **2.** Harold A. Baer, rare book expert ("Books Old and Rare from Harry Baer"). Thinks rolling his own makes him look younger. A real

dingbat. **3.** If she's the Camel Filters smoker, the guy with the beard is Jean Harlow. **4.** Gene Harlow. **5.** Right! He's just himself. And he sees through all the gimmicks. That's why he smokes an honest, no-nonsense cigarette Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. Made from fine tobacco. **6.** A Boswell Farquar. Gimmick: a white (not green) parrot. Hasn't seen a movie in years. They won't let his parrot in. **6a.** Parrot. Smokes a meercaum pipe but has trouble keeping it lit.

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ed to the chef, still stirring trance-like, and moved off. "The tea," she added, over her shoulder, pointing to the kettle, "is free." It was hot and tasteless. It could have used some of my Fenchel. I ordered the vegetable plate, macrobiotic style, 75¢. Brown rice, beans, mixed greens and seaweed. The seaweed, with which I was making my first acquaintance, looked like a mound of thin brown worms that had been beaten to death. It tasted of fish and brackish water. Seaweed is apparently one of the higher forms of vegetarianism. "The Bible indicates that for 10 generations before the Flood people lived an average of 912 years. After the Flood they began eating flesh. The life of the next 10 generations was shortened to an average of 317 years," wrote a physician named Owen S. Parrett in an article explaining why he became a vegetarian.

That evening an enthusiastic friend bounded over with *Zen Cookery*, *The Soybean Cookbook*, *The Natural Foods Cookbook*, George Ohsawa's *Zen Macrobiotics*, a text on the philosophy of Oriental medicine, and a final offering that proved to be the most important of all. This was a jar of Bulgarian yogurt culture, with which I was to make my own nourishing yogurt.

I started immediately. Yogurt must be made in an incubator, preferably electric, but no special equipment is needed. A deep pot with a lid will do. Making yogurt seemed fairly simple, though the recipe nagged endlessly about keeping the temperature constant while the mixture thickened. Nothing is simple. First the pot was filled with a pint of fresh milk and brought to a boil. All one had to do after that was wait for it to cool to lukewarm, then pour in the Bulgarian yogurt culture, which had to be stirred with a wooden spoon. Meanwhile, six jars were warming in the oven. Finally, when everything including me was lukewarm, I poured the mixture into the jars, popped them into the pot, filled it three-quarters full of warm water and covered the creation with a lid. Mission accomplished. Just as I was wrapping a heavy towel around the pot to conserve the heat, Harry wandered in, nodded coldly and asked a not illogical question: "What's that?"

"An incubator. All we need do now is wait."

"How long?"



"The recipe says about two hours."

To pass the time we played Monopoly. Exactly two hours later I was building hotels on Boardwalk and Park Place and Harry was in jail. I sent him out to the kitchen to check on the incubator. He came back looking pleased. Without a word he picked up the dice, shot doubles and got out of jail.

"How are things in the incubator?" I asked.

"The baby is dead," said Harry. He was right. The yogurt looked drizzly—just like my mother's lemon meringue pie. Harry took me out to dinner and a movie.

In the days that followed I continued to attend, though on a purposely erratic schedule, my judo classes. I came and went at odd times, sometimes missing Lady Goliath by only minutes. Word filtered through to me that she was perfecting her inner-thigh throw, the *achiwata* technique seldom used by ladies.

She had no way of knowing, of course, that I had a new technique, too; that my intestinal tract was awash daily with carrot juice, that my digestive juices were grappling with muscle-building proteins, that in the end her inner-thigh throw would be no match for my toasted taddeley-winks.

There had been, I confess, a slight accident with the aduki beans. I had set them on top of the refrigerator to soak one night, and had, unfortunately, forgotten they were there. Out of sight, out of mind. I am too short to see the top of my refrigerator. When the water became stagnant, filling the kitchen with a terrible odor, the beans had to be discarded and the room aired. No matter. I had never looked or felt better. My eyes were bright, my cheeks glowing. Harry said it was the pink light bulb I had installed over the mirror in the bathroom, but I knew it was the escarole sifted through my mixed greens.

*continued*

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#### DISH IT OUT *continued*

It was two weeks after the yogurt fiasco that I was hard at work in my kitchen again. This was Operation Vegetable Juice. In a paperback handbook that had come with my two-speed blender some years before I found a recipe for Sunshine Cocktail. My blender was old and creaky, but I thought it capable of cranking up a little juice. I chose the simplest combination, passing up the more exotic beverages listed, such as the Mocha Bounce, the Prune Cider Teaser, the Polka-Dot Punch and the Fresh Plum Smoothee. The Sunshine Cocktail required mundane ingredients: a carrot scrubbed and cut into thirds, one-fourth of an apple with core and peeling, half a banana, a stalk of celery with leaves, one half-inch slice of unpeeled cucumber, a fourth of a lemon with peeling, a fourth of an orange without peeling, a one-inch square of green pepper, a teaspoon of raisins, a teaspoon of salted nuts and two cups of pineapple juice. When I got through there were a lot of wounded vegetables lying around.

Following instructions carefully, I poured the pineapple juice into the blender and dropped in the pieces of carrot, turning the switch to high speed. Nothing happened, but a thwack on the side of the blender got it started, slowly. The carrot swam around in the juice, looking like Jacques Cousteau in an underwater movie. In went the other ingredients, one by one, and the blender picked up speed. "Continue to blend until the ice is melted," I read. The body of the recipe had made no mention of ice. Better late than never. I took three cubes out of my ice tray and tossed them into the blender, which was now groaning like a man pushing boulders up a hill. Then I clapped on the lid. As the ice hit the blades I heard an explosion, and a fine spray of pineapple juice traveled upward. It was the root beer thing all over again. The lid of the blender shot in the air, clung to the ceiling momentarily, then dropped to the tile floor. Sunshine was running out of a wide gap at the bottom of what was left of the container. Then the doorbell rang. It was George, the building superintendent. Like most caretakers of Manhattan apartment houses, George has limitations. He has, in fact, a wooden leg and two fingers missing from each hand, but there was apparently nothing wrong with his hearing.

"I was out in the hall," he said, stumping after me as I returned to the scene of the disaster. Then surveying a wide streak of pineapple juice that was sliding down the wall, he said, "Oh, are you painting the kitchen?"

That evening in judo Lady Goliath finally caught up with me, sliding unnoticed onto the mat.

"About our match," she said. I gave her my most winning martial smile. "I'd love to," I replied, "but as you can see I'm about to work out with this 6-year-old and..."

She squared off and bowed, and hobb- it is a terrible thing. I bowed back automatically, which meant, to her at least, that I had accepted her challenge. My nutrition, which should have been coursing through my bloodstream, seemed lodged in my feet and they felt cemented to the mat. My judo instructor took one look at what was happening and turned his back. He didn't want to watch. Neither did I. I closed my eyes. When nothing happened I opened them. Goliath was towering over me, one mammoth hand grasping my left lapel, the other my right sleeve.

"Do something," she invited. "I'll wait." And she sighed and waited, raising one bunioned foot to scratch the inside of her other shin. She was showing off. Anyone who has taken judo knows that standing on one leg is asking for trouble. My reaction to her off-balance stance was impulsive, but who is to say it wasn't all that raw carrot salad? At any rate, what I did was jerk down on her sleeve and sweep—ever so politely—her foot out from under her. I can still hear the beautiful crash as she hit the mat. Everyone was stunned.

As my defeated opponent rose to her knees, I bowed quickly and, as they say, quit the premises. Into the dressing room, out of my *je*. Skirt, sweater, shoes, purse, and there I was, flying down the stairs and into the cool night air, then down the street to the subway and home. Safe!

Well, that was all some time ago. Lady Goliath, I understand, has taken up karate. Harry is enjoying Blimpies again. As for me, I am still interested in nutrition, but feel it has given me its finest moment. So I no longer prepare health foods myself. In my opinion the hazards of the kitchen are greater even than the hazards of the judo mat. I am, I suppose, my mother's daughter. **END**



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◆ Miami Beach grade school principal **Dr. Von Beebe**, 32, had always had what he called "this Walter Mitty thing" about boxing. Spurred on by some of his pupils, Beebe entered the Golden Gloves tournament. He proved a less than apt student of the sport, got thoroughly boxed about the ears and lost on a TKO in the second round. Beebe said he was still happy he had done it, just for the principal involved.

**Kurt Vonnegut** says his body's O.K. Back in his native Indianapolis to accept an award, the novelist also addressed the student body at his old high school, Shortridge. It was not the usual homecoming. "Some very authentically nasty things happened here," Vonnegut said. "I'm still sore at some people I knew at Shortridge I was a weak guy then, real tall and skinny. The football coach, at my senior dance, gave out funny prizes. What I was given, in front of my classmates, was a subscription for a Charles Atlas muscle-building course. I didn't think it was very damned funny. I thought it was an obscene thing for him to do." Vonnegut



said he got his "revenge" two years ago. He called information, got the coach's telephone number and called him. "I explained briefly to him who I was and why I was calling," the prize-winner said. "Then I told him, 'You s---b, my body turned out all right after all.' Then I hung up." Pleased, no doubt, that his body had matured.

**Bill Andreas**, Ohio State's refreshing sophomore basketball star, is becoming something of a fixture in the public prints. An agriculture economics major who grew up on a farm, Andreas got his latest ink bath when he refused Coach Fred Taylor's advice to sit out the game with Michigan despite serious sinus and virus problems. "Doesn't matter how you feel, the cows have to be milked," he told Taylor. Taylor milked that for so much publicity that Andreas thought it was time to dry up. "My buddies named me Dairy Farmer of the Month," he said.

**Willie Davis** has found a new field of unpredictability in which to star. In his capacity as a dedicated Buddhist the Dodger outfielder visited the great head

temple of the Nichiren Shoshu sect. Nichiren Shoshu is a blend of 13th century Buddhism and 20th century Power of Positive Thinking. Willie's wife Gina, a convert of three years, got him to join up, a move, Davis says, he has never regretted. He adds, "Look, I was never a great home-run hitter. I got only 10 in the 1971 season. But last year I hit 19. That's because I chanted my prayers every morning and night and even before every game." Praying with him were two other Dodger converts: Outfielder Willie Crawford and Second Baseman Lee Lacy, and California Angel Shortstop Bobby Valentine. So what about the drop in Davis' batting average? "Well, I didn't pray hard enough," Willie replied.

◆ When London's **Anne Pasley** was a little girl she had bronchial asthma and a doctor suggested that it would be good for her to take up singing or athletics. Miss Pasley did both. First she became a runner, setting a women's record for 100 yards and winning a silver medal in the 1956 Melbourne Olympics. Then abruptly, after the Olympics, she gave up the sport and became a principal singer for the Royal Opera. She still has a standing



bet with opera producer Colin Graham, a former schoolboy champion, on a proposed race around the Aldeburgh, England opera house.

**Burt Reynolds'** favorite place on his Florida ranch is his tree house. But the tree house is not exactly rustic, or even particularly arboreal. Its stairs wind up a brick center column, and it includes a master bedroom, a large living room area, a Japanese bath, a kitchen, an enclosed porch and a wooden walkway to a gazebo. The tree house overlooks a lake stocked with imitation ducks. "I plan to raise the level of the lake so the tree house will become an island," the actor says. "There'll be a drawbridge, chains, and all that. I'd put alligators in if I didn't have friends with kids who like to swim here." Go ahead, Burt. The alligators won't be very dangerous after swallowing a couple of imitation ducks.

**Johnny Unitas**, **Jerry Lucas**, **Reef Swoobee** and **Joe Frazier** announced the expansion of a program called No Greater Love, in which athletes sent 4,000 gifts to about 1,000 children of Americans captured or missing in Vietnam. "We hope now to reach all those whose fathers lost their lives in Indochina," Unitas said. And for returning POWs Commissioner **Bowie Kuhn** ruled they will receive lifetime passes to baseball games.

To celebrate his last day on the job Announcer **Terry Ragusa** of radio station KARK in Aberdeen, S. Dak. offered a free record album to any girl who showed up at the studio in a bathing suit. Despite a temperature of 27°, 48 females ranging in age from three to 35 appeared within a short time. And they aren't so dumb in Aberdeen. Three young men also got down to the studio in record time.



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## An uprising of Redmen

**Until Christmas, St. John's season looked like a downer. Then they won a holiday tournament and have been rolling through the East ever since**

At St. John's University, located where Union Turnpike crosses Utopia Parkway in the New York City borough of Queens, there is no stately fraternity row, no Observatory Hill, no Old Ox Road and no Cayuga's waters to be far above. A commuter school, St. John's has just a cluster of drab yellow-brick buildings and a beautiful basketball tradition. Since starting the sport in 1907 the Redmen have won more than a thousand games with lineups that have always featured kids off the New York playgrounds, kids with names like McGuire, Satalino and Garfinkel—court-wise kids who knew at age 10 that going backdoor was a basketball maneuver as well as a way to sneak out of the apartment.

It is the same today. Coach Frank Mulzoff, who was co-captain in 1951, and eight of his top 10 players are from Queens or neighboring Long Island towns. Leading scorer Billy Schaeffer was born just 10 blocks away from Alumni Hall, the campus gymnasium. To snare ace rebounder Ed Searcy, however, the school stretched its recruiting budget and reached all the way to Manhattan.

This was not supposed to be a vintage St. John's year. Six-foot-seven Forward Mel Davis, the nation's fourth leading rebounder two seasons in a row and a fine scorer as well, underwent knee surgery in August and decided to sit out the season. Making matters worse, Searcy became scholastically ineligible. So by Christmas time the team was struggling along with a 3-2 record, a pace not likely to attract postseason tournament bids. Then suddenly the picture brightened. Searcy regained eligibility just before the Holiday Festival in Madison Square Garden and the Redmen won four games in five days to take the championship. Schaeffer pulled them through in the last seconds at Davidson and they ended Villanova's six-year home-court win streak. After two victories over Niagara and Fordham last week, St. John's owned a 17-2 record, had the longest winning streak in the school's modern-day history (14) and seemed eminently capable of challenging Providence as the best team in the East.

The 14 wins in a row are satisfying to Mulzoff not only because he is the coach, but also because he played on the team that had the old record of 12. He grew up in Queens, in the same neighborhood

and at the same time as Bob Cousy, but he went to a Catholic high school in Brooklyn and played for St. John's when St. John's was still located in that borough. "I got my education riding the subways," he says. In college his most important duty was to be a steady influence on a hotheaded, zany teammate named Al McGuire, who is now coach at Marquette. Coach Frank McGuire (no relation) would always send Mulzoff out to talk to the referees because he figured Al would forget his manners and start swinging.

It was naturally a thrill when, in the championship game of the Holiday Festival, St. John's beat South Carolina, loaded with New York kids recruited and coached by, yes, Frank McGuire—still around and going strong. Mulzoff called it "proof that those who stayed can beat those who went away."

Of those who stayed and went to St. John's, 6' 5" Forward Billy Schaeffer is the best. The son of a retired New York cop, he is a shy, well-mannered senior who still dares in this hip age to wear a letterman's sweater. He did pretty well carrying the rebounding load until Searcy came back, and after last week's games he was one of the top five percentage shooters in the country with a .636 average, a figure usually reached only by giant centers who never wander more than three feet from the basket.

For all Schaeffer's proficiency, the Redmen had a scary time getting through their two games last week. Against Niagara they reverted to pre-Christmas form. Here were the poor, downtrodden Purple Eagles venturing into an unfriendly gym with a 7-11 record and two freshmen and a sophomore in their starting lineup. They might as well be trying to sprint across Union Turnpike at the rush hour. But that night Schaeffer would have had trouble dropping a golf ball into the Grand Canyon. He missed lay-ups and jump shots. He blew free throws

and finished with nine points, his season low. In the end, St. John's won because Searcy played almost the whole game with his head at hoop level, snatching 21 rebounds, and sophomore Mel Utley played as smoothly and calmly as any senior around. Niagara's full-court press at the end very nearly worked, but the final was 74-69.

Next day Mulzoff was terse with his team: "Our game is not bouncy, bouncy balley. Run and shoot is our game."

Run and shoot they did Saturday afternoon in the Garden, but although

*continued*



SCHAEFFER DRIVES AGAINST NIAGARA

Schaeffer located his shooting touch, other problems popped up. Like a sometimes porous defense and Searcy sitting out the second half with a sore back and city rival Fordham aching to score an upset. The Rams jumped out to an early lead, kept it most of the game, and when Center Tony Prince fouled out things looked rather grim. Since Searcy was also on the bench, all the rebounding was up to Schaeffer and freshman William (Beaver) Smith.

St. John's didn't grab the lead for good until, with 52 seconds left, freshman Guard Frank Alagia hit two free throws to make the score 74-73. With about 30 seconds left Beaver Smith stole the ball and started a fast break that ended with Mel Utley making the lay-up and getting fouled intentionally. He made both free throws and St. John's ran off, lucky to have a 78-73 win.

"Just a city game, a typical city battle," said Melzoff. "A great New York City basketball game."

St. John's players, more than anybody, understand how to play that kind.

Brown at the start of fall basketball practice. During the off-season Brown's weight shot up from 207 pounds to a hefty 254. Opposition fans nicknamed him Fat Albert. Now slim and trim at 214 pounds, Brown scored 16 points and defended the Temple ball handlers as if they were so many calories as Penn State beat Temple 64-49.

Massachusetts scored the final 15 points and beat Boston College 76-52. Colgate visited Canisius and suffered its ninth road loss 75-54, of an otherwise undefeated season. St. Bonaventure darkened its postseason hopes with two losses, to Fairfield 72-60 and to South Carolina 75-74.

1. PROVIDENCE (16-3) 2. ST. JOHN'S (17-3)

**WEST** Louie Kelcher plays defensive tackle for the Southern Methodist football team but last week he came out of the stands and made a great short-yardage play late in a basketball game. With one second left and the Mustangs leading A&M by a point, a free-for-all erupted around SMU Coach Bob Prewitt. Kelcher blasted out of the stands, picked Prewitt up and carried him back to the bench for safekeeping. With a 6'4", 260-pound peacekeeper on hand, the brohaha subsided. SMU won 64-62, but lost later in the week to Texas Tech, 64-59, in a face-off for the Southwest Conference lead.

In a major battle between two very big fish in the small-college pond, Sam Houston State beat Stephen F. Austin 81-67 to up its record to 19-0.

New Mexico edged closer to leader Brigham Young in the Western Athletic Conference with home-court victories over Arizona 93-73 and Arizona State 98-86, teams that had furnished two of New Mexico's three previous losses. "New Mexico is playing great," said Arizona State Coach Ned Walk. "I think they're the best team in the league right now."

On its home court, San Francisco handled Santa Clara 78-69 with a nifty wrinkle. "We saved a new offense for them and it got us a lot of free shots," said the USF coach, Bob Gaillard. Then the two teams played at Santa Clara and the new offense looked like a secondhand rose. The Broncos won 83-72, and the teams remained tied for the West Coast Athletic Conference lead.

Pepperdine's William (Bird) Averitt, newly become the nation's leading scorer, pumped in 41 points against Loyola. But his team lost 103-91. Later in the week Bird pecked out just 19 points—birdseed for him—but added 13 assists and Pepperdine beat Loyola 85-80.

The UCLA of the West won its 63rd straight game and its 35th in a row in the Pacific Eight Conference, tromping Washington State 88-50. The Bruins allowed only 18 points in the first half. Long Beach State's

two victories over San Diego State in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association (97-76 and 84-66) were geared to Ed Ratleff's 51 points, 21 rebounds and seven assists.

1. UCLA (16-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (16-1)

**MIDWEST** Cincinnati has been about as consistent this year as a cheating weight watcher's diet. After nibbling on Louisville 81-79 the Bearcats were starving against Florida State. At halftime, Coach Gale Catlett heard Guard Dan Murphy question his game strategy. "Put on your street clothes," said the coach, "and get out of here." Murphy watched from the stands as the Bearcats went on to an 89-62 victory and later commented, "I really motivated them, didn't I?"

No one needed motivation for "The Rematch" between Ohio State and Minnesota, both of whom suffered painful and enduring bruises from their hard brawl at Minneapolis last season. At Columbus this time, everyone was on his best behavior, especially Minnesota's Ron Behagen, one of the villains of the previous drama. He scored 33 points as the Gophers won 80-78. The game attracted the attention of a national TV audience and a capacity crowd that included Ohio Governor John Gilligan and Minnesota Governor Wendell Anderson. "I'm glad it's over," said Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor, whose team now has lost 15 of 27 games since that fateful day in Minnesota.

It was a rough week on the road for Indiana. First the Hoosiers lost 70-69 to Ohio State and the Buckeyes' rejuvenated Luke Witte. Then they were upended by Purdue 72-69, the eighth straight time Indiana has lost in West Lafayette, Ind. Indiana had 51 turnovers in the two turnaround games and the Big Ten Conference race tightened with four teams still in contention.

Xavier strolled into the visiting team locker room at DePaul and found a complete and meticulous scouting report on themselves lying on a chair. "Was it a plot? If so, whose?" Xavier Coach Dick Campbell was not sure but he threw out his game plan and installed a new one to beat the scouting report. The report won DePaul moulted Xavier, 89-67.

Marquette mentor Al McGuire got lost driving to his team's game with Wisconsin. "It was embarrassing," he said. "Then when I got here, the guy wanted to charge me \$50 for parking. I said, 'Hey, I'm the coach.' He said, 'You look like a big enough man to pay \$50.' So I paid." And so did Wisconsin, losing 64-58.

Kansas State beat Iowa State 78-74, and then Colorado 81-62 at Boulder, taking a narrow lead in the Big Eight Conference.

1. MINNESOTA (16-3) 2. MARQUETTE (16-3)

## THE WEEK

by BARRY McDERMOTT

**EAST** Providence was tied with St. Joseph's College with less than five minutes remaining and faced the possibility of losing its third game of the season. But then the Friars' strident defense took over and Providence won 81-75. Against Rhode Island three days later, Eric DeGregorio scored a career-high 39 points as the Friars ended the week with a 102-81 victory.

Rhode Island's Steve Rowell had earlier been involved in a rare six-point play. He scored a basket, was fouled, hit the free throw and then sank three of four technical foul shots awarded the Rams when New Hampshire Coach Gerry Friel protested too loudly.

Syracuse prepared for its Valentine Day meeting with St. John's by whipping Fordham 73-71 and West Virginia 82-66. "We may have made Syracuse look better than they are but that's to Syracuse's credit," said the drowsy Mountaineer coach, Sonny Moran, afterward. "They did everything right and almost everything we tried went wrong."

Penn State Coach John Bush almost suffered apoplexy when he first sped Ron

## SOUTH

The week started disastrously for Southeastern Conference leader Alabama and then got worse. First, Mississippi embarrassed the Tide 66-62. "It hurts," said Coach C. M. Newton, "but we're still sitting here with just two losses." Two nights later Alabama was floored again when LSU's Mike Darnall sank a 30-foot desperation shot for a 72-30 victory. The defeat was Alabama's third in its last four conference games and Tennessee took the lead in the SEC.

Enigmatic Kentucky kept its SEC hopes flickering with victories during the week over Auburn 88-57 and Mississippi 88-70. Senior Center Jim Andrews analyzed a season that has been equally composed of beautiful and woeful performances. Said he: "Weird's the word for it. Weird."

Memphis State's 14-game winning streak was derailed at Louisville 83-69, and the Tigers' position atop the Missouri Valley Conference was momentarily threatened. Then, against Tulsa, they shored it up again. Despite taking 24 fewer shots, scoring seven fewer goals from the field and losing the battle on the boards, Memphis State triumphed 91-87 in overtime mainly by hitting 29 of 33 free throws.

"It's no big thing," said Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell, acquiescing to his team's demand that he name one player to run the offense and another the defense. "We've lost two games in a row and we're down," noted Driesell. "Ten days ago we were on top of the world." The reorganized and rehabilitated Terps (who once were No. 3 nationally) started their climb back by beating Fordham 83-72 and Buffalo 93-64.

No. 2 North Carolina State (the "UCLA of the East," they like to say) continued undefeated with narrow victories over North Carolina 76-73 and Clemson 68-61, erasing late-game deficits each time. Then the Wolf-pack clobbered Georgia Tech 118-94.

This might just be the year of the Dolphin. After Jacksonville flippers past his team 48-42, Croughton Coach Eddie Sutton sang in praise of the Dolphins. "Quick!" he said. "Man, they're super-quick. And they're physical along with it. We've got a big, strong team but they pushed us around as much as anybody we've played. They are going to go a long way in the NCAA's." The Dolphins also beat South Alabama 77-63.

Bothered by a chest infection, Southwestern Louisiana's national scoring champion Dwight Lamar played little more than a half against Lamar University. Still he scored 36 points. Three nights later he did not suit up for Southwestern's 69-65 win over McNeese, the first time in 103 games that he had not started. On Saturday night Lamar was out of his bed but the Ragin' Cajuns lost anyway, 82-80 to Houston.

1. N.C. STATE (19-0) 2. MARYLAND (17-3)



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OOP! GOES RON LYLE AS QUARRY REACHES HIM WITH A HARD LEFT TO THE MIDDLE

## *Chip off the old stumbling block*

**Jerry Quarry was to be the first big test for undefeated Ron Lyle. Well, what happened is that Lyle flunked**

Jerry Quarry, the trial horse who has beaten some good fighters and lost to the best, was supposed to be a testing block for Ron Lyle, a neophyte from Denver who had never beaten the best but had never lost to anyone. Quarry proved himself a block, all right—the kind people stumble on. In a good, thoroughly exciting bout at Madison Square Garden last week he gave Lyle, in only his 20th professional fight, a postgraduate course in the art of fisticuffs.

It took only four rounds, two of which he lost, for Quarry to explore Lyle's somewhat mechanical, plodding style. Once he had solved its minimal problems, Quarry fought jauntily, crisply and—something new for him—with intense concentration.

Lyle, winner by a knockout in 17 of

his 19 bouts, never came close to hurting Quarry but he was staggered twice himself: once by a short, straight right hand in the fourth round and again by a wide, winging left hook in the eighth. The first shot taught him that he could be hit and hurt, the second convinced him that he was not nearly as invincible as he once supposed.

Before the fight Lyle and Ebbey Lewis, his trainer, were confident. "I won't tell you how we will defeat Quarry," Lewis said behind his spectacularly bushy mustache. "I will say we set up Buster Mathis for hooks, and Ron took Buster out with hooks. We set up Luis Pirez for the right hand, and Ron knocked Luis out with a right hand. We set up Larry Middleton for the left hook, and Ron knocked Larry out with a left hook."

Whatever they set Quarry up for, it didn't work. Lewis did say before it all began that Lyle should let Quarry, a superb counterpuncher, come to him. Lyle, unwisely, went to Quarry.

For all his inexperience, Lyle did have a good first round, losing it finally by the eighth of an inch of a whistling missed punch. Fighting flat-footed and obviously not as quick as Quarry, he scored occasionally with a ponderous right. He lost the round when Quarry, sensibly ignoring that right, banged him with numerous and numbing lefts and rights to the belly and kidneys.

In the second round Lewis began yelling to Lyle to take charge. Lyle did, as well as he could, and the second was to be the best round he had all night. Once he cornered Quarry and hit him twice in the head with a short right and a left hook, but neither caused any serious damage. Encouraged, Lyle went forth in the next round and did something only the rankest amateurs—or the very best professionals—ever try. He threw a right-hand lead, a maneuver which so surprised Quarry that it worked—that one time. It was costly, though, and what it really accomplished was the restoration of Quarry's concentration. Nothing else that happened all night had so sobering an effect on the Californian. Up to that moment Quarry had been curiously complacent, belying the bright blue-green stare he fixed on Lyle. Suddenly he seemed reminded of past fights



that he had lost more for the occasional mental lapse than for any lack of physical ability. Explaining that later, Quarry said, "I had a lot of emotional problems before. I didn't keep my mind on my business."

He had his mind on the business at hand in the fourth round, during which he struck the most decisive, if not the most damaging, blow of the fight. Lyle, strangely, had been giving away the advantage he owned in size and reach. He fought either with his hands up close to his head or he pawed with both hands, out and apart. In the fourth his left and right paws landed on Quarry, who immediately countered with a short, chopping right between Lyle's gloves that caught him squarely on the point of the chin. Lyle's confidence began to sag; his style became tentative. "Take charge," Lewis yelled again from the corner to his fighter. The idea now appeared furthest from Lyle's ambitions.

"That shot made him a defensive fighter," Quarry said after the bout. "You give me a defensive fighter and I'll pound him. I pounded Ron for the rest of the fight this night."

He hit Lyle again with a stronger right hand in the fifth round, followed that with a flurry of lefts and rights and had Lyle in trouble before the bell saved him. From that point on the fight was never in doubt. Lyle came out for the first minute of the last six rounds with his hands up and close to his head, trying to jab. On his toes and moving quickly from side to side, Quarry slipped the jabs and the occasional slow right cross and came in with booming left hooks to the stomach and short, cruel right hands to the kidney. When the punishment became too much, Lyle dropped his hands, whereupon Quarry switched his target to the head. He was fighting surely and carefully for a change and he took no chances. Gil Clancy, who became Quarry's trainer some three months ago, saw to that. "Don't be some kind of wild Irishman," he told Quarry over and over again. "Don't get hit by a lucky punch trying for a knockout. Just play it cool."

Quarry played it cool. He doubled with each hand—left hook to the belly, left hook to the head, short, inside right to the kidney, short, looping right to

the head—and Lyle never learned to counter any of the punches. He fought back but his blows grew slower with each round. Then in the eighth Lyle made his little mistake again. He led with his right and was nearly knocked out. The stab landed high on the side of Quarry's head and left Lyle wide open for a left hook, which was not long in coming. It caught him on the cheek and knocked him stumbling, some six feet back into the ropes. Had he been closer to the center of the ring, he might well have gone down.

Quarry tried to take advantage of the blow, keeping Lyle on the ropes and banging him five more times with short, hurting punches but Lyle showed that, if nothing else, he can take punishment. He endured the onslaught for fully half a minute before, in the manner of a man who has just been caught in the running of the Pamplona bulls, meandering dazedly to his corner at the bell.

For the rest of the fight, Quarry had more trouble with his trunks than he did with Lyle. They were either too large or the elastic was too loose and they had a tendency to slip down; sometimes he had to quit fighting in order to hatch them up during a round. Finally Quarry's seconds pinned them together so he could devote himself to belaboring Lyle at will. Quarry won, handily. Referee Waldemar Schmidt, more generous than the judges, awarded Lyle four rounds, but Quarry really had lost only the second and the third. Slight con-

tusions under both eyes and alongside his nose were the only clues that he had been in a fight.

"He didn't hurt me with any punches," Quarry said in his dressing room. "He butted me a lot, and the referee let him get away with it. The only time I really felt anything was when he butted me in the mouth." Quarry pulled down his lower lip to show a long, bluish abrasion on the inside.

"I knew I had the fight from the fourth round on," Quarry said. "He hits hard but he's not fast with his feet or with his hands. And I was in the best shape for this fight I've ever been in. I was strong and quick at the end and I think I'm ready for anyone now. I've got my head straight and I've got a hell of a trainer to work with."

Despite the thumping he took, Lyle showed little evidence of it. His body was bruised but his head was not and he accepted adversity stoically, something one might very well have expected from a man of 30 who had spent 7½ years in a Colorado prison on a murder charge. Losing a simple fight was not going to bother Ron Lyle very much. "You have to take the bumps with the bumps," he said rather obscurely. "I still will be the heavyweight champion of the world. Quarry was beautiful tonight, but I learned a lot from him. I'll be back."

Well, maybe. As for Quarry, his victory hardly changes the heavyweight picture, at least not at the very top. A couple of days after the fight, George Foreman, the new heavyweight champion who knocked out Joe Frazier in two rounds in Jamaica, seemed reluctant to accept Quarry as a challenger, and his manager, Dick Sadler, did not seem to want Quarry at all. It is hard to say why. Lyle, despite his knockout record, showed little punch last Friday evening, certainly nothing to be compared to Foreman's thunderous blows. And Quarry has amply demonstrated in the past that he is no threat to either Frazier or Muhammad Ali.

So the heavyweight division, which had hoped for a fourth outstanding fighter, is going to have to get along for awhile with three. Which is really quite enough. The problem is getting them to fight each other before the two of them become too old. **END**



QUARRY APPIXES BLUE-GREEN STARE

## Wisconsin on the ice: hullabaloo!

At the University of Wisconsin they play a wild kind of hockey. Enter Madison's Dane County Coliseum on game night and, as events progress, ask yourself these questions: Is this a sport or is it Armageddon? Where is the real action, on the ice or in the stands? Do the laws of physics apply or are those visiting players actually shrinking before your very eyes?

No boos were ever like the Coliseum's—none so oppressive, so incessant, so nearly evil. They reverberate so thickly they seem to form clouds, to rain down millions of little b's and o's onto

the bowed heads of visiting teams—Michigan State, for example, one night last week. And didn't they deserve such a rain? The nerve of State. Why, just before the game started they actually skated out on the ice.

Stad Wisconsin Coach Bob Johnson: "This home crowd is worth one or two goals any night." One, two, five, who knows? But there is more to it than boos. Although Wisconsin hockey is only 10 years old, last year the Badgers had the best win-loss record in the Western Collegiate Hockey Association, the nation's strongest. For 11 weeks this year the Badgers ranked No. 1 in the nation and after a small slump they appear to be heading back.

On this night, with the game nearly half over, Michigan State leads 2-0, an unexcusable affront. Beside the Spartan bench, filling much of the Coliseum's section CC2, is a group of Wisconsin backers known as The Mad Dogs or The Animals. On quick glance the section is all hair and blue denim shirts, and the maddest of the Dogs start the night by not standing for the national anthem. Instead, they leer through a Plexiglas shield that separates them from the visiting bench. In some previous years The Mad Dogs mistook the visiting players for spitoons, and now they are understandably frustrated. Tonight their hate object is Amo Bessone, the Michigan State coach.

A Mad Dog barks, "Go home, Amo," and soon some 8,000 soul mates are following suit. Eight thousand four hundred and thirty-one, rather, an average Wisconsin crowd. Wisconsin hockey holds all the collegiate attendance records for the sport; it will lead the nation for the fourth straight year.

In fairness, The Mad Dogs do not set the standards for Wisconsin. Most of the crowd is mad all right, or at least angry, but decidedly human. In CC2, though, there is always the threat of something outrageous happening. One Dog yells, "Hey, Amo, give me some berdcalls." Another keeps addressing a dark-haired referee as "Greaseball." A third can't seem to take his eyes off Bessone. After repeatedly urging him to—well the suggestion gets him escorted out by a sheriff.

Bessone fumes, "We don't get abuse like that anywhere else. If I was 20 years younger I'd go over the fence."

One of his tormentors is a student

from New York. He says, "We admit to being obnoxious. But when I go to Ranger games at home I'd never think of acting like a buffoon."

The house specialty is reserved for a Wisconsin goal. At 8:15 of the second period Dennis Olmstead, son of the NHL immortal Bert, scores. His is the first of 41 shots at the Michigan State goalie to get through. Still, to the gathered faithful the goalie obviously is full of holes, like a sieve, which explains what follows.

The noise begins low down near the ice, from a few voices at first, clipped and quick—"Sieve, Sieve, Sieve," and then spreads quickly, the tempo slowing: "Sieve, Sieve, . . . Sieve," sonorous and heavy, continuing as play resumes, on and on, accompanied by a forest of raised forefingers, all shaking and pointing derisively at the visiting goalie in tempo with the chanting. The boos had been a blessing in comparison, and the din has hardly abated when Gary Winchester scores Wisconsin's second goal. In the stands middle-aged men, caught up in the excitement, can be seen throwing punches in the air, as at a boxing match. Now the score is 2-2, and again the chorus builds and then builds some more with two more quick Wisconsin goals. "Sieve, Sieve, oh my God, Sieve!" shrieks a middle-aged woman. Everyone seems caught up in a collective joy and the game ends at 5-2 Wisconsin.

Dennis Olmstead says, "I shouldn't be able to skate all out for more than a minute but all that screaming gets my mind off the fatigue."

And Amo Bessone says, "It was kind of mild tonight. You should see it when they lead all the way." And that is Wisconsin hockey. There are reasons.

In the first third of this century all the big-college hockey teams came to Madison but Wisconsin's rink was outdoors then, the weather was unpredictable and the sport died. From 1935 to 1963 the university had no hockey but no one seemed to care. Collegiate boxing was very popular in those years and Wisconsin was the biggest boxing school of all, winning eight NCAA championships between 1939 and 1956. Then in 1960 tragedy struck, a popular senior named Charles Mohr was knocked out one night and died a week later. Wisconsin dropped boxing; other colleges followed suit.

In the meantime a wealthy hockey nut



AMONG THE INSULTS: RUBBER CHICKEN

named Fenton Kelsey Jr. had built an outdoor hockey rink. In the fall of 1963 the university began to play hockey there but the seating capacity was only 2,500 and the attendance averaged only 596 per game. There were two part-time coaches, one a criminal lawyer named John Riley. Even so the team finished with an 8-5-3 record.

In 1966 the university hired Johnson, then coach at Colorado College. Johnson brought 10 players with him that he had been eyeing for his former school. He told them something big was about to happen at Wisconsin, and four years later six of them, then seniors, played for Wisconsin in the NCAA championships. And now for six straight seasons Johnson's teams have won 20 games or more. At home he is doing just as well. His 15-year-old son Mark has played in national tournaments the last two years. Peter, 13, was in the national Pee Wee championship two years ago.

Johnson says, "When kids like that

get some more competition, we're gonna be in good shape. We haven't even scratched the surface in the U.S. for hockey yet. The day will come when half the kids in the NHL will be from south of the border." At the University of Wisconsin, nine of Johnson's 19 regulars already are.

Wisconsin's football team was doing poorly when Johnson arrived, and a lot of people in Madison were beginning to miss boxing. But as John Riley says, "Now they were getting another sport that combined science, speed and violence. Besides, people were hungry to see that big W go up in the win column again."

In the early spring of 1967 the Dane County Coliseum was opened. The university rented it for hockey. It looked like an immense carnival tent from the outside, pleasantly striped in blue and white. Inside, the seats were padded and they soon began to fill. "This is no dirty deepfreeze with smelly washrooms like

most hockey facilities," Riley says. When Bob Johnson is recruiting players he often has to do little more than lead them into the Coliseum and say, "Look."

Now Wisconsin had its formula for hockey success: a way to attract all the old boxing fans in town (who sometimes forget they're at a hockey game), Wisconsin winners, and the classiest place around to watch them in.

There was something else. Wisconsin's reputation for political activism. On August 24, 1970 the school's math research center was bombed. "The last blow of the radical movement," says Jeff Grossman, sports editor of the university's radical *Daily Cardinal*. Nothing comparable has happened in the movement since on any campus, and there are many angry young men without an outlet. Says Grossman: "Most of us find no conflict in supporting a team." He admits that lots of seats at Dane Coliseum are currently being filled by former demonstrators. Especially in section CC2.

END

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One of these awakening days, when the world is ready to admit that Ralph Nader really does not have his mitt in some till and that Tuesday Weld is a fine actress despite her noisome name, Valery Borzov will be recognized as one of the finest sprinters who ever left scorch marks on a track. By the John Birch Society, even.

Borzov is the Soviet Union's double gold medal winner of the last Olympic Games, a handsome 23-year-old short-distance burner from Kiev who has not been beaten in any important race for the last two years. Superbly trained and keenly conditioned, he has run down everyone with a speed that quickens as the tape comes on. Unfortunately, he is remembered for the sprint showdown that never was—the Munich 100 meters curiously conspicuous for the absence of the United States' Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson, both disqualified when they failed to reach their heats on time.

Speculation then and now says that Hart, who ran 9.9 to win the U.S. Olympic Trials, was a cinch to beat Borzov and that Robinson well might have. It is an easy supposition if one chooses to ignore that during 1972 the European champion went undefeated through a dozen 100-meter races and seven others at 200 meters, or that in three previous outdoor competitions against American runners Borzov won them all. His status as "the world's fastest human" is suspect to all but the knowledgeable—and certain of his rivals.

Among the latter exclude Herb Washington of Michigan State, the swiftest sprinter working the indoor circuit this season and winner at Toronto in a world-record-tying 50-yard time of five seconds flat. Also the world indoor recordholder at 60 yards, Washington had never lost to Borzov in three matchups on the boards. In the 60 at the Los Angeles Times indoor games last week, Borzov's first competition since Munich, Washington said, "Give him credit. He was the best of those who were there. Borzov is a strong finisher. At this meet, though, he's going to have trouble. He doesn't get out that well. He begins to run at about 70 yards. The strongest part of my race is my start, and next it's at the 40. That's where I shift gears and begin to lift again. Indoors I feel I'm the man. I react to the crowd."

Washington also felt the time difference (11 hours between Moscow and

## No time to beat the time lag

Los Angeles) was definitely going to handicap Borzov. The Russian, who beat Washington outdoors two years ago, agreed. "To compete after flying so long I must have some practice somewhere," he said. "Competition will go slowly. Maybe by New York and the AAU championships [two weeks away] I'll be ready to run."

Borzov seemed a safe bet to at least qualify for the finals of the Times meet despite Washington's confident forecast. His heat, to be sure, included Chuck Smith, a fifth-placer in the Munich 200 meters, but the other two entries were Willie Deckard of USC, who has run in consistently for the last year, and Jim Kemp, a 28-year-old quarter-miler who was making his debut in a race that seemed 300 yards too short for him.

The distance, it turned out, was about 10 yards too short for Borzov, whose start is mediocre at best; while closing some ground on Kemp, he did not show his usual lift in the stretch. Borzov finished one place ahead of Deckard but ended his evening with a nonqualifying 6.2 while a lot of folks were still trying to find a parking place outside the Forum. Washington, on the other hand, exploded from the blocks both in his heat and the final, twice got his predictable lift at the 40 and won the whole thing rather easily, at six seconds flat, to equal the meet record.

"I did not get good start," Borzov said afterwards. "It was my first race as long time. This is practically training competition for me."

"It wasn't as high as I would have been with Borzov in the final," Washington said. "It made the showdown anticlimactic. He adds a lot of color and a lot of rep, but I wanted this one very

bad, I was going to dedicate this race to Eddie Hart because I don't think he's running anymore. Robinson still is."

It should be pointed out that Borzov took two months off from his training regimen after Munich, that the time difference was a real detriment (his internal clock read 6:30 a.m. during his race) and that had he won it would have ranked as a bigger Soviet stunner than that notorious basketball game.

Washington's performance was perhaps a good omen that the U.S. could be returning to the land of sprint supremacy it once took for granted. A 22-year-old from Flint, Mich., Washington plans to move to the West Coast soon for better tests of his considerable track talent and to further his career as a TV sportscaster. He has been talking away of late for WJLM, a CBS affiliate in East Lansing.

"I'm the fastest man in the world indoors," Washington said. "I'm just beginning to come outdoors. In order to be a really renowned world-class sprinter, I need the weather."

Weather of a different sort—Oregon's dear mixture of rain and fog and sog—was behind the meet's other outstanding performance, by Steve Prefontaine in the mile. He won it in 3:59.2, leading from wire to wire and holding off Italy's Gianni Del Buono and Marty Liquori on a frenetic last lap. It marked the 33rd consecutive lap on Los Angeles indoor tracks that Prefontaine has paced his opposition through two races, but the leading role is not all that endearing to the young Webfoot.

"It doesn't feel that good when you're ahead the whole way," Prefontaine said. "It's hard to run a mile when you're not a miler and to kick when you've led all the way." His last quarter was turned in 57.6 and he looked for the scoreboard clock as soon as he broke the thread at the finish line.

Steve Smith, for the ninth consecutive meet, won the pole vault, but his 17' 6 3/4" triumph came only after Kjell Isaksson forced him into a jump-off at that height. The Russian contingent got some solace out of the night when Vladimir Abramov, supposedly its second best high jumper, set a meet record at 7' 2 3/4", then missed three times at 7' 5".

As for Borzov, he is looking for no misses in his next American meets, which is a matter that Washington should keep an eye on.

END



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**Easterners question the talent of Charlie Whittingham, yet . . .**

## *The bald fact is he's on top*

**T**here are a lot of guys who call themselves horse trainers," Charlie Whittingham has declared on occasion, "but I am a trainer of racehorses. There is a difference. It is not how many events you win in a year, but that you try to win the good races."

Whittingham's frank opinion of himself—as the best trainer around—is shared by many. "Some of us call him the Pope," says Dr. Jock Jocoy, a West Coast veterinarian. The nickname comes in part from his pronouncements but also because Whittingham has a reputation for having time for everyone, rich and poor. Sometimes, intimates Mrs. Mary Florsheim Jones, Charlie has

less time for the rich than for the poor. In periodic fits of pique at the way Whittingham has been known to ignore her wishes—and her advice—the owner of the handicap star Cougar II has confided to friends that she would gladly take the horse away from his stable if she could find a better trainer. She hasn't yet.

Winning stakes races has become such a habit for Whittingham that long ago he lost count of the number his horses have captured. He says vaguely, "I don't know for sure, but I may have won more stakes than any active trainer, and maybe more \$100,000 stakes, too." The record shows that he is correct—with a total of 185 stakes, of which 32 were hundred-granders. Whittingham also has taken the national money-winning title for three consecutive years (in 1972 his horses earned \$1.7 million) and with the likes of Cougar, Quack and Groshawk in his barn at Santa Anita he has an excellent chance of making it four in a row in 1973.

His detractors claim Whittingham would not have been so successful had he campaigned his stable in the East against stronger competition. "I've won a Futurity a Woodward, a Beldame and a lot of those stakes back there," growls Whittingham. "On one afternoon at Belmont Park in 1956 I sent out Mister Gus to beat Nashua in the Woodward and Nashville to beat Bold Ruler in the Anticipation Purse. Not bad for a 'Western' trainer, was it? There's a lot of money being offered in California and there's nothing to stop those New York guys from coming out here to try to beat me."

Jockey Bill Shoemaker is one man who comes quickly to the trainer's defense. (Because he rides so often for Whittingham, Shoe has been called "the best horse in Charlie's barn.") Says the jockey, "I've been around them all from coast to coast, and there's not a finer horseman in the U.S. He understands his horses and treats them like athletes. The reason that Charlie has so many good older horses is because he handles them cautiously when they are young."

When Santa Anita opened for its first season on Christmas Day in 1934, Whittingham was just 21. He had a horse named Plumb Elected on the grounds but was earning his living as a jockey's agent since Plumb Elected never performed with distinction.

"In the next couple of years I got lucky claiming horses," Whittingham recalls. "I began to think I was real smart but then I made mistakes and ended up losing everything." In 1939 he became an assistant to Horatio Luro, a master horseman who has trained two Kentucky Derby winners. "The most important thing I learned from the Señor was patience," Whittingham says. That and, perhaps as important, that it was impossible to make money gambling. "Yes, I taught him some things," says Luro. "You must never be in a hurry with horses. Skip a race, I always say. There will be another chance, like a great big roulette wheel. I taught him to train horses with strong, open two-mile gallops, instead of short and fast."

For five years after serving in the Marines in World War II Whittingham worked as Luro's aide. Then, on Horatio's recommendation, he took over the stable of Mary Elizabeth Altemus Whitney Persons Lunn (now Tippett). One of the essentials in becoming a successful trainer is keeping the owner in hand as well as the horse. Liz, as she is known around racetracks, will test any man's patience. To everyone's amazement, Whittingham retained control.

"Charlie's owners understand that they don't tell him where and when to run," says Calumet Farm Trainer Reggie Cornell. E. Barry Ryan, another Whittingham admirer, declares, "Charlie will turn to any owner and say, 'Look, here's a shank and if you don't like what I'm doing, you can take your horse out of here right now.'" Through the years, Liz Tippett has taken several horses away from Whittingham, but none for long.

The partnership of Liz and Whittingham has had notable success, turning out horses such as Woodward winner Mister Gus, Futurity winner Portehouse and the Santa Anita Handicap winners Corn Husker and Pretense. For Mrs. Jones, Cougar II has won over \$800,000. "I owned half of him once," says Whittingham, "but I got mad at Mary one day and told her she could take Cougar and scat. She stayed but brought me out. Considering what he has won since, that turned out to be a pretty expensive mad, didn't it?" For Howard Keck, Whittingham has trained Turkish Trousters, Pnjara, Tell and Makor. For Composer Burt Bacharach, the stakes winner Advance Guard. And for Greer Garson and her husband



Buddy Fogelson, the 1971 Horse of the Year, Ack Ack.

Whittingham's stable area does not quite resemble Camp LeJeune, but the discipline is there. There is efficiency and high morale. "My help get along with me and with each other," he says. "If someone can't get along, I kick him out. I have Mexicans, whites, blacks and half a dozen girls working for me—maybe 50 in all." Whittingham chooses his clients with care as stall space becomes available and charges them an average of \$30 per day per horse, with shoes, medicine and shipping extra.

Pausing to inspect the legs of a group of horses returning from the track early one morning, Whittingham declared, "Good horses come in all sizes and shapes, and when it comes to conformation you mustn't set your mind on one type. I like a medium-size horse, not a big, thick one. Lighter animals tend to stay sounder longer. But some day sound that you never expected. If you're buying a horse, sure, I want to be

pleased with his conformation as well as with his bloodlines. But I also want to talk to the man who broke that horse. He can sometimes tell me more than the veterinarian or any pedigree chart.

"There are a lot of fine trainers around. Luro, Elliott Burch, Willard Proctor, Jim Maloney, Buddy Hirsch, Farrell Jones, Reggie Cornell, Puncho Martin. And considering the horses he often has to work with, Allen Jenkins may be the best of the lot.

"But I can't be worried about the other fellow. I have to go my own way and my philosophy is to wait on 2-year-olds. Usually I don't run them until late fall or not at all. You have a better chance to come up with a good horse at 3 if you give them their 2-year-old season to mature. If you don't rest your 2s, you won't have 4- or 5-year-olds, and if you have no older horses you have nothing for the handicap division. Cougar is 7 now. He will run this year, and he's better than ever. Quick was a decent 3-year-old, but if I'd run him in

the Kentucky Derby last year it might have cooked him. By saving him, I think he'll turn into a very useful horse. Already there's talk of sending Groshawk to this year's Derby. I won't go unless I feel he has top chance to win."

Some months ago California's supervisor of racing, Jimmy Kilroe, paid Elliott Burch a compliment when he said of the Rokeby Stable trainer, "He is a good manager. He makes very few mistakes." Now he was ready to expand that compliment. "In a way the success of Burch and Whittingham is quite simple: both of them can look at a stable of horses and a calendar and are capable of making a proper program for each horse in the stable in such a way that they have not lost sight of the individual horse or the calendar. That's patience. All the stuff about hard work is one thing, but many people work very hard and don't know what they're doing. Whittingham knows. He is the perfect example of genius rising to its rightful level."

END

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# A HEAVY COMES TO LIGHT



*For a decade Jack Nicklaus lost fans to fat and Arnold Palmer. Despite his extraordinary record, he was the spoiler. But now that he has become golf's leading man, life is fun (and family games)*

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



CONTINUED

**C**onspicuous are the things that are gone from his life. Mark McCormack, for one. No more high-powered agent leading him through the paths of finance. No more doubts as to who was best serving whom. Sorry, Mark. Gone, too, is fat. No more Fat Jack. No more eye-catching bedtime, leavened jowls and expansive shirting, accented by that once familiar end-of-the-bullet styling of his white-blond head. All gone. Also the anti-fans, those wry sportsmen who used to wave signs behind the bunkers—"Hit It Here, Jack"—and cheer his misses. Professional golf, accustomed to the ritual courtesy of its galleries, had never seen anything like it. Gary Brewer said he was actually embarrassed in Dallas not many seasons ago the way the fans booed Jack Nicklaus. At the U.S. Open at Baltusrol somebody threw a beer can. No more of that.

And Arnold. Arnold is gone, more or less. Nobody really tries to insinuate Palmer into his class anymore. The reactionaries still serving in Arnie's Army might, being a death-defying cadre, but those who know anything about golf know that he put Palmer in his place long ago, and pinned him there, like Theseus, just outside the throne room. In the last six or seven years the Palmer-Nicklaus rivalry has become a superficial thing, no deeper than the newsprint it takes to sustain it. "Lay the records out from the time Jack turned pro till now," says Deane Beman, the golfer. "It's plain as day. This man buried Palmer." No apologist, Deane.

That, of course, had been Nicklaus' sin. Bringing down the beloved Palmer. Hero worship is not negotiable. As a friend of Jack's put it: "The first time he entered the forest, he shot Robin Hood." And, oh, how easy it was to shower him with unforgiveness. The assassin was an implacable man, as radiant as a moving van as he trundled through the temples of golf (Augusta, St. Andrews, Pebble Beach) toward the next winner's purse, looking, as Columnist Jim Murray wrote, not so much like an athlete as a pile of old clothes. Nicklaus kept Murray's comment in a corner of his mind, much as he concealed his sensitivity behind the steady, opaque look he favored in lining up putts. (That's gone, too, the deadpan Jack.) Years later, allowing himself a small grin, he said, "I finally met Murray. At a banquet. He was fatter than I was."

With the droll stoicism of a born infantryman, Nicklaus served out his rejection. Barbara Nicklaus says it was something they never discussed, not even in private. Too tender a subject. Like having a lunatic relative. "Somebody has to wear the black hat," Jack said. He had played before galleries from the time he was 13, a golf prodigy out of Columbus, Ohio, and could, it seemed, dial them in or out as he pleased. Deane Beman remembers the first time he heard the boos. "I couldn't believe it. They were booing Jack. Damn. Jack said, 'What boos?'"

His concentration was always extraordinary. Often criticized, and even penalized, for playing slowly, he said, "It didn't seem slow to me. Just long enough to think it out and hit the ball." Nevertheless he did as he was asked and speeded up his play—some gods answer requests—and if he thought he was being harassed he never said. It is reasonable to argue that a man en route to being the greatest golfer of all

time, and a millionaire to boot, ought to be able to stand a little good-natured, beer-can-lobbing rejection. Nicklaus, in fact, was never an icy star like Ben Hogan. Essentially a non-sulker, even in defeat, he was not one to avoid an outstretched autograph book or a press tent, where he became famous for outlasting the enemy. No real bitterness ever surfaced. But there were times.

"He wouldn't want me to tell you this," says Gardner Dickinson, "but we were in one tournament years ago, playing together, and Arnold was on the adjacent fairway. Jack was shooting about a 64, leading the tournament, and Arnold a 74 and out of it, but all the people were over there, crashing through the rough and raising hell. Jack was on the green and he stopped to look and he said, 'One of these days those so-and-sos will be over here.' It bothered him, all right."

Ironies aside, there was never anything worth repeating to make a case between Nicklaus and Palmer. It has been a mutually profitable rivalry. The touchy fiscal interludes in their association with McCormack (some rather stormy) were not laid to Palmer; Nicklaus concluded instead that in McCormack's eye "Arnold would always be No. 1, no matter what I did on the golf course. It was an image thing. Not a good position to be in." Palmer was McCormack's first account, Gary Player came next and then Nicklaus and then all the others. "I began to feel like I was in a stable," said Nicklaus. He ultimately cut himself free, but the surgery was long and painful.

Other than that, one would have to strain. Palmer, a soloist who could play a crowd like a banjo, had been magnanimous at the beginning toward the younger, more talented,

*Fat Jack, the Giant Killer, dethroned Palmer in the '65 Masters.*



less hip Nicklaus. And Jack never forgot it. ("One thing about him," says Dickinson. "He's an appreciative guy.") Said Nicklaus: "I enjoy Arnold's company, and I think he enjoys mine." They maintained an amicable if not buddy-buddy relationship, often pairing up for team events where they struck appropriate fear in the hearts of the meager opposition. They did not pretend to be inseparable. They were superstars in the same constellation whose personalities happened to be light-years apart. A friend of both makes this comparison: "When Jack goes to dinner he pays attention to the people he is with and the wine list. When Arnold goes to dinner it's an event. He makes pleasing small talk—and counts the house over your shoulder."

It is no surprise to the pragmatic Beman that Palmer's eclipse (and that of all those who have come on Nicklaus' horizon) is now, finally, concordantly, accepted. "It was not an unpardonable sin," he says. "The public is not blind to talent. It is only a matter of time before they embrace it." Time—almost 11 years—and the witness of his tracks in the record book (13 major championships), and the supernal accumulation of money winnings (\$1.7 million, including a record \$320,542 in 1972).

When those who have been the closest to his brilliance speak of Nicklaus it is with such awe that one half expects to see them levitate. Don Bies says without qualification (and with starry-eyed disregard for the way Jack's right elbow tends to fly) that he has the greatest swing in golf. Dave Hill has written about Jack's "perfect body for it"—the length of arm in relationship to the size of trunk in relationship to the arc of his swing, the winds, the tides and the pollen count. A convinced Sam Snead doesn't

*Now light 'n' lively and a matinee idol, he enjoys applause.*



*When it comes to Arnie, Jack always puts his best foot forward.*

mince words: "Nicklaus could try not to and still win."

More interesting is that a picture of the person finally emerged, like an underexposed photograph slowly making its way up through the layers of emulsion. Nicklaus now appears not Fat Jack in fuzzy outline but Trimly Defined Jack in a Hart Schaffner & Marx double-knit blazer, leaning against a Pontiac Grand Prix across a double-truck magazine advertisement. Long filaments of white-blond hair sweep his square, tanned forehead. His small (but clear and fiery) blue eyes smile handsomely. Indeed he has become handsome, after a slow start.

Moreover, he is revealed to be a man of many dimensions. A budding genius as a golf-course architect. A shrewd (but eminently fair) businessman. A can't-stand-to-lose (but eminently sportsmanlike) participant in basketball games and tennis matches at his home courts. A devoted father who, after the U.S. Open, traveled all night to attend his son Stevie's Little League championship game, then stood 45 minutes under a leaking overhang waiting for the game to begin. A friend who stood with him said Jack didn't once mention the Open.

He has become, at last, a hero of epic dimensions, drawing affectionate galleries everywhere. They reach out for him, talk with him, laugh at his jokes. His response is easy and natural, for it is not in him to overdo. Chi Chi Rodriguez believes Jack would have had the world at his feet long ago had he "given himself to the fans the way Arnold did. But he gave himself to his family, to his golf. He is his own man."

In the final round of the last British Open, when Nicklaus was going for what golf people call the Grand Slam—he had won the Masters and the U.S. Open, and the PGA was still to come—he put together a breathtaking cluster of shots in a vain charge at the leading Lee Trevino. Six strokes down, he

*continued*

rallied to take, for a brief time, the lead. When he birdied the 10th hole there began in that huge crowd at Muirfield an unusual applause, not the shrill beseeching after a touchdown pass or a World Series home run, but a steady, rhythmic tumult that swelled as Nicklaus walked from the green, and then renewed itself, like a hurricane that has passed over a peninsula into open water, after he hit his drive on the 11th. It was the pure and thoughtful clamor of an audience acknowledging greatness, and Nicklaus, like a leaf on a river, was carried by it down the fairway. He said later it was the greatest feeling he ever experienced on a golf course. His wife said if you had looked closely you would have seen that he was crying.

Barbara Nicklaus, standing barefoot in the kitchen, lay strips of mozzarella over thin slabs of veal in an aluminum pan. "I tell the kids, 'Put your shoes on,'" she said. "They look at me." She raised her eyebrows and the side of her mouth and her gray-green eyes rounded to express the helplessness of her role as an example-setter for tiny nasal passages and chest cavities. Her blonde hair came in an avalanche over her shoulders and was mussed in front. She stuck out her lower lip and blew up at it, looking cross-eyed as it fluttered down, letting the strands fall where they might.

In such a woman there is an unclassifiable appeal (fetching might be a worthwhile category, if a mother of four would still for it), but whatever the context you would be accurate to say she is pretty, and be reasonably certain she would not be bothered if you didn't. Thirtyish now, with the sturdy hold of the Midwest still on her, as it is on her husband, she has passed up every chance to become a snob.

Through the kitchen window she could see Jack on the grass tennis court in the Nicklaus side yard, making final preparations for a match with three of his friends, opening fresh cans of fluorescent yellow balls, passing towels around. The grass (Tifton 419) is carefully maintained for the Nicklauses by an old family friend and semi-retired golf-course manager named Sockeye Davis. Sockeye was standing near the court, presumably keeping an eye out for rough spots. Barbara said Sockeye was in her doghouse because he had failed to spot a newspaper's account of her club team's losing effort in its latest match. For the record, she said, "I am 13th on a 12-girl tennis team. But it beats golf." She said she had launched into golf years ago by shooting 157. "I worked my way down to where I could shoot 125, then decided that's it. I've mastered the game."

The grass court makes a nice conversation piece, but in actuality the entire yard is Tifton 419. Jack wasn't sure his interest in tennis would last. Better to blot out a few lines than rip up a lot of asphalt. He since has found tennis a worthy recreation, and in a short while has developed a respectable game—a strong serve and some relentless forehand ground strokes to compensate for an untrustworthy backhand. He plays it as he does one-on-one basketball matches on the garage court, to the hilt.

The game was soon evolved by a number of bizarre shots that green vinyl screens at the ends of the court kept from going into the hedge out front, or down the long slope into the waters of Lake Worth at the back. The game was interrupted occasionally by a football bouncing into the court.

Two lean, blond cool-eyed boys, Jackie Nicklaus, age 11, and Stevie, nine, were practicing their pass patterns with a neighbor. Jack warned them a couple of times about staying in their own territory.

Nicklaus' 1½-acre Florida spread is second in from the guardhouse gate of an enclave of waterfront and golf-course-facing estates known as Lost Tree Village. Cary Middlecott and Perry Como are neighbors. The sprawling house is a pleasing coalition of native cypress and quartz-flecked glacier stone shipped in from California. The patio is veneered in AstroTurf, on which Deane Beman has been known to give Nicklaus midnight putting lessons. When it is not in the shop having its bottom groomed, the 37-foot wooden-hulled *Golden Bear*, a fishing boat with the range to make it easily to Jack's retreat at Great Harbour Cay in the Bahamas, is tied up at the dock.

The interior of the house—6,000 square feet and six bedrooms, be it ever so humble—reflects Barbara Nicklaus' good taste, and features, among other things, a lighted trophy case, a pool room, a 126-pound mounted tarpon, a number of original drawings and oil paintings and, in a room to itself, a television playback-recorder on which Jack can watch himself win the U.S. Open several times a day. He uses it to hunt the flaws in his game. "That's it!" he has been heard to yell of an afternoon, running to get his nine-iron.

The oversized garage accommodates a full supply of Pontiacs and two upright refrigerators (at a constant 58°) filled with the wine Jack sends home by the case. Though never more than a minor-league drinker, he has taken up wine collecting with typical one-on-one zeal.

"My husband, the sex symbol," said Barbara, looking out. Nicklaus, in a sky-blue knit tennis shirt and white shorts, was bearing down on his tennis foes. There was no doubting the transformation, she said.

"I don't know how well you know Jack," she continued, "but when he makes up his mind to do something, he does it. Stubborn. Well, during the Ryder Cup matches in 1969 he felt tired playing golf for the first time in his life. So on the plane coming home he announced he was going to lose 20 pounds. He called Hart's. He told them to send a man down in 2½ weeks to measure him. He was going on a diet."

Hart Schaffner & Marx had no illusions about Nicklaus' figure when it signed him. For the Nicklauses ads, the company used to spend \$2,000 to photograph him in the latest fashions, then another \$1,200 to have Artist Frank Golden put him in marketable perspective. Jack-in-the-flesh ads were out.

Nicklaus takes a converted man's pleasure in telling of his overweight past. He keeps a framed picture in his office: a 1962 Fat Jack glaring at the camera, stubby arms down and angled away from his body, his pants glued to his legs like bark on a tree. The zipper is not quite up. His secretaries call the picture "Our Leader." For years Jack's shirts "went in about 60 directions, and my pants (mostly khaki) looked like something you'd see on a war refugee. I had one pair I thought were really super. Iridescent green. I won the U.S. Open in them in 1962. I thought they were lucky. I wore them two days in a row, 36 holes on Saturday and the 18-hole play-off on Sunday. I'm surprised somebody didn't complain."

Eventually, he said, after Gardner Dickinson told him he

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was a disgrace, he started buying \$55 pants. "I still looked awful. It wasn't the clothes, it was me. I kept my hair short then, and my head came to kind of a point. I wore floppy hats. Later when I let my hair grow, the hat left a ridge around my head so I finally had to discard the hat. People discovered I had hair."

Anyway, said Barbara Nicklaus, Jack announced he was going on this diet. "Tuna fish, cottage cheese, no-cal milk shakes. Three weeks later he'd lost an inch in the waist and seven inches around the hips. Every pair of pants Hart's sent was too big."

From 210 pounds, Jack went to 190 and held between 190 and 185. Not only was the fuselage trimmer, but his face lost its yeasty look. Voilà. Hart's had a natural.

"The writers started calling long distance," Barbara said. "They wanted his diet." Asked why he hadn't slimmed down before, Jack said it never occurred to him, he assumed it was fate. His doctor was loath to tell him to diet for fear of messing up his game.

"He enjoys it. I mean the whole thing," said Barbara. "The fans, the swooning galleries. I can't blame him." A gallery regular herself, she has not noticed that the girls in Jack's following have become any more attentive. "But there are certainly more of them," she said, wrinkling her nose. "He is incorrigible now," she said. "He's after everybody about their weight. There's nothing worse than a reformed slob." She slid the aluminum pan into the oven, twisting the dials. "Gary, if you don't mind."

Gary Nicklaus, age four, had clambered up on a kitchen stool and was skimming a batter of oatmeal cookies with his right forefinger. He was unclothed except for a red bathing suit which was ventilated rather sensationally in the seat by wear and tear.

"They are spoiled," said Barbara, sweeping him gently off the stool and, with one expert motion, halfway out the door.

*Nicklaus seeks to make his mark—and point—in course design.*



"Jack spoils them rotten. He says, 'What do you want me to do, whack them as soon as I walk in the door?' He's right. It's very hard coming home and having things dropped in your lap. Like s-p-a-n-k-i-n-g-s. We made a pact when Jack turned pro. He would never be away longer than two weeks. He broke it once, in South Africa. He stayed 2½ weeks. Of course, I was with him."

They had met, Barbara Bush and Jack Nicklaus, as freshmen at Ohio State when he was majoring in pre-pharmacy and she in pre-nursing. Waistline aside, she said, the remarkable thing about Jack in the years since has been his "consistency. He doesn't change."

Nicklaus is a man low on pretensions. An avowed, if virtually unnoticed, fan of the Miami Dolphins, he motors down on Sundays in a station wagon loaded with his family and a neighbor's. They take their seats up over the Orange Bowl's east goal line. "It would not enter his mind," says a Miami friend, "to use his influence to get better seats."

He is a man so consistently loyal he has had only one professional teacher all his golfing life (Jack Grout); a man so susceptible to loyalty that he has made permanent employees of two of his caddies, one of whom twice failed to show up for the opening day of a tournament (and wherever he was, he had Jack's clubs); a man so sensitive to others' feelings that he once rushed out to the parking lot in the middle of a party he was throwing to find out why two friends were leaving early.

Barbara Nicklaus gathered up glasses and a pitcher of orange juice and headed for the court. Play was over. Jack had a towel over his head. He announced that he was "now ready for Françoise Durr." The match had gone to sudden death, but he and his partner had won. "Good thing, too," said Jack to his partner, "or these guys would never let me live it down." He went inside to shower. Barbara watched him go.

"I think he's as happy now as he's ever been," she said. He had had his greatest season, he was content in his businesses. They occupied his talents. "For a while," she said, "he was so down. Everybody was saying, 'What's wrong with Nicklaus?' I remember after the Masters a couple years ago, how bad his nerves were. He'd worked hard to get ready and then played poorly. He was really fed up."

"We went to the Bahamas to fish and he said, 'That's it, I'm not playing anymore until the Open.' He was going to pass up the Tournament of Champions. 'No you're not,' I said. 'That's all you need, for everybody to call you a quitter.' I scheduled his flight that afternoon. 'Taking over, eh?' he said. I guess I'd never done that before."

"But I really think the turning point was when his father died [three years ago]. I know it sounds awful, but it really turned Jack around. I don't mean he didn't have a wonderful relationship with his father. He did. Everybody loved Charlie, and he and Jack were very close. Jack phoned him day and night, on everything. Mark made the other decisions. Things were all laid out. It was almost too easy." She hesitated, remembering. "Then, boom. Charlie was dead. Jack had to grow up."

He stood on the sidelines, for there were no bleachers, and moved up and down the field with the tide of play. Other fathers and mothers occasionally looked his way, as if to let

*continues*

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him know they were delighted to have him drop by. Aloud, in that ready, adolescent tone that is startling when you first hear it, he made running comments on the game's progress. "Nice run, Jackie. Attaboy, Stevie. Get your uniform dirty." He did not appear to mind when Jackie did not run to the right hole, or Stevie shied from a tackle.

Often he stops by for practice sessions as well as games at the private school they attend near his office in North Palm Beach, and though he will call out to them there, too, and wait around afterward to throw some passes, he never interferes. The coach, in turn, seemed altogether willing, even inclined, to single out the Nicklaus boys for criticism whenever they deserved it.

Jack pointed out that Stevie, unlike most of the tiny warriors, had no star-shaped decals on his helmet. The decals were given by the coach for exemplary play. He said Stevie was a good athlete but could be overbearing at times and "I don't think the coach wants him to get a big head." Jackie, he said, never tired of reminding Steve that his helmet was starless.

Jack said he was glad that the boys had a talent and took pleasure in athletics without being shoved. He said his father had introduced him to sports and had been interested in his performances. Once early in his golf career he had complained that his father's presence made him nervous. Charlie told him, "You'd better get used to it because I'm going to be here."

"Now I can appreciate the feelings he must have had," Jack said. "I probably get as uptight over their games as I do over my own. I die."

Jackie Nicklaus scored the only touchdown that day and the North Palm Beach Private School (fourth and fifth grades) won 6-0. Afterward, in the parking lot, his father told Jackie he "must have gained at least 70 yards running the ball." Stevie said he doubted it.

Jack dropped them off at the house and drove to a small, grubby-looking Italian restaurant to pick up pizzas for dinner. Awaiting his order, Jack said, "I want things to be comfortable for my kids so they can be healthy and have the things they need. College education, money for emergencies. Any more than that I want them to earn. I feel I earned mine. They used to write, 'poor little rich kid.' Bull. My dad had a pharmacy on the Ohio State campus, and his best years for a long while were \$12,000-\$15,000 years. He only joined the Scioto Country Club because he damaged his ankle and was told he had to start walking again or he would end up with a cradle. I'd go along, and when he got tired he would let me hit a few."

"Now the only social golf I play is with my kids. Last summer Jackie entered in the same age-group tournament I started in at Scioto. It was an 18-hole event when I won with a 121. Now it's 36 holes and he shot an 86 and a 101 and finished second. It's a different world."

He picked up the pizzas and went out to the family station wagon. "Golf has always been a game for me," he said. "People don't always understand that. They say, 'Three hundred thousand dollars, wow.' But even at the start, it wasn't the money. My dad didn't think I would turn professional. I had talked to Bobby Jones about it. Jones hadn't, of course, and he was a good friend. I remember he watched me

play for the first time at the National Amateur in 1955 when I was about 15. He watched three holes—two bogeys and a double bogey. He said, 'I think I'd better come back another time.'

"Anyway, I'd already been in the insurance business for almost two years and was making about \$18,000 a year and that meant a fairly comfortable life. But after a while [two U.S. Amateur championships] I didn't feel I was playing my best against the best. I felt I had to turn pro."

"But I've never treated golf purely as a business. If I had, I think it would have hurt me. I think it hurts Frank Beard that way. You can get so wound up you don't do anything right. A couple years ago I was pressing that way. I didn't sleep well, I got a scaling on my face, like dandruff. I was one big nerve."

"Right now I haven't picked up a golf club in almost a month. People think I'm nuts. But it's best for me to get completely away, not even think about it. Then come back, like a ballplayer comes to spring training—fresh."

"Maybe at 40 I will en oy the game more for itself. Guys with longer swings, like Snead and I, tend to last longer anyway. But now I feel I have to be refreshed between tournaments. Instead of fewer outside interests I have more. My business really excites me. I'm constantly involved. I'm involved with my kids. I want them to know I'm involved. These days people talk about drugs. When I was a kid it was cigarettes or alcohol. If my kids wanted to try something I'd tell them the same thing my father told me: 'If you want to try something I'd like you to try it first with me. Then we'll understand it better.'"

He thought for a moment, sitting in the car outside his house. "I'm convinced I would burn myself out if I did it the way some people do. The thing about golf is that it is so mental. Golfers peak later than most athletes because the process takes longer. It's not a game of reaction, it's a game of thought and correction. In tennis I don't always react quickly enough, and it makes me mad. When I played basketball [in high school] I was a better offensive player because I could think a little ahead."

"I don't believe I've peaked. I still have the same goals. Win more major tournaments than anyone else and, if possible, four in one year. Sure, I'd like to go down as the greatest who ever played, but all the proof you'd have would be the record and even that might not be enough. Jones didn't have the tournaments to play in that I've had. The big purses. Hogan didn't, Snead didn't. Certainly if you said it now it would be premature. There are still too many deficiencies in my game. I don't drive the ball as well as I should. My irons aren't as good, my play around the green. Too many deficiencies."

He said that was enough. He had been talking about himself since leaving the restaurant. The pizza would be a relief to get into. In the Nicklaus dinette, off from the always buzzing kitchen, Barbara had laid place mats out and was filling glasses of ice with tea. The conversation returned to Hogan. He hadn't gotten to know Hogan that well. They had played for the first time when he was an amateur, in the U.S. Open, and he certainly didn't ask for any tips.

"Actually, Hogan didn't say a word the whole round," he said. "Except afterward. He blew a tie for first and finished

*continued*

ninth, and I was second. He said, 'That big kid'—meaning me—'shoulda won the tournament.' " Nicklaus laughed, and reached for another slab of pizza.

Jack Grouit leaned back in his box seat at Calder Race Course and put his knees on the little ledge that held the programs and binoculars of his host, a millionaire member of the La Gorce Country Club. Of the four men in the box, Grouit was tannest and tallest, a stringy man with steel-rimmed glasses and gray hair combed straight back. He wore a clip-on tie that he had grabbed off the rack on his way out of the pro shop after giving a lesson to Ken Harrelson. The tie was no match for his pants and jacket, but it satisfied clubhouse requirements.

Grouit has been the La Gorce pro 12 years, migrating to Miami from the Scioto club where he first taught Nicklaus. On request, he was into a leisurely discourse on Nicklaus as the Calder horses slogged through the heat on the other side of the glass.

"I told his father, 'Charlie, be prepared to take a lot of abuse and to keep your mouth shut. Your kid has knocked over the king of golf. People won't like it. If you don't want a lawsuit on your hands, hold your temper.' He had a temper, Charlie. He wanted to hit a guy in a restaurant one time. Oh, he'd get so mad?" Grouit clenched his fists in front of him making them tremble.

"Charlie was very outgoing, very personable. Jack was just like him at the start. A big happy-go-lucky teen-age kid. He went into a shell a little after he turned pro, but I think that was a defensive thing.

"He was such a smart kid. He'd ask me questions most pros wouldn't think to ask. Jack always had it here," he said, tapping his forehead. "He could be the smartest ever for knowing how to manage himself on a golf course. I remember when he was a junior in college in the NCAA match-play tournament. In a 36-hole semifinal he was four down after 18. At lunch Charlie said, 'Jackie' (he always called him Jackie until he won the U.S. Amateur, then Jack told him he didn't want to be called that anymore), 'Jackie,' he said, 'shall I check out of the motel?' Jack said, 'Oon't be foolish. Dad, I'm going to kill this guy.' He beat him 2 and 1."

His host asked if Grouit was betting the fourth race. Grouit picked up the program, studying it randomly. "I pass," he said and turned back.

"I teach my kids the big swing," he said. "Some see it. They say, 'The elbow!' But that's not it. It's a full turn. Body and shoulders. Let it go, pop it out there. It's harder, but once you get it under control it's a big advantage. If I out-drive you 50 yards I'm going to beat you, or at least discourage you. With Jack it was easy because he always loved to practice.

"High winds. Mud. Rain. We'd be out there. 'You're going to play in it, you better practice in it,' I told him. Have you ever heard him complain it was too hot or muddy or too anything? Never. He never complains."

At least once a year Nicklaus goes back to Grouit, usually at the beginning of a new season, and has him inspect his game. "Treat me like I was just starting," he tells him, and Grouit sifts out the pings and knocks of neglect—the bad posture, the erratic backswing, the inferior grip. Nicklaus

once spent an entire afternoon with Grouit in a La Gorce sand trap. There were other times when Nicklaus sent his jet from some far-off tournament to fetch Grouit. "He was hooking something awful at Doral one year, missing the middle of the fairway by 75 yards. He shot a 40 on the front side. I told him, 'You're coming across the ball worse'n I ever saw!' He was still doing it at the Masters. Then, months later, when he got to Pebble Beach he called me. 'Come out,' he said, 'I want you to see something.' I went and watched him hit. He knew he had it, he just wanted me to see. He's like a kid that way. 'You got it,' I said. He said, 'We'll have dinner tonight!'" I said, "Yes, we'll have dinner."

"Jack hit bottom at the U.S. Open in 1970," he said. "Tony Jacklin won, and Jack tied for 51st. I could have cried. He had an 81 in the first round, and he looked like a dog in the rain. So helpless. But here's the thing I was telling you. He thought it out. He worked it out. Twenty days later he won the British Open. I'll never forget that performance. He threw his putter in the air on the last hole; he'd never done that before. It was just amazing. From the bottom to the top in 20 days."

Grouit paused, reflecting. "Listen, Jack Nicklaus is everything I ever wanted to be. He has done everything I ever dreamed of doing. Some golf pros in my position might resent that—some probably do—but I don't. I idolize Jack Nicklaus."

"McCormack had me too heavily scheduled. Too much to do. And I never knew where I stood. Just 'Here, sign this,'" said Jack Nicklaus. He was sitting in his private office, leaning back while a miniskirted secretary placed lunch on the round table. His was a mound of tuna fish on a lettuce leaf, with a side of out lemon.

"Ugh," said Tom Peterson, looking at the tuna. He lifted a thigh from his own platter of fried chicken. Peterson is the only member of Jack's group, the executive committee of Golden Bear, Inc., who is on the regular payroll. The offices reek with class. The walls are paneled in real rosewood. There is no clutter and only a few well-chosen mementos: a handsome cut-glass decanter of cognac, a specially bound copy of Jack's book, an autographed football from the 1969 Ohio State Rose Bowl team. The reception area is decorated with mounted fish (Jack's catches), enlarged magazine covers of Jack and a long-haired blonde receptionist.

"Don't get me wrong," said Nicklaus. "McCormack can generate a lot of money, and he did for me. I'm grateful for that. But I never saw a financial statement, and I object to the grab-it-and-run philosophy. You get so much for this account, how much are they getting, and what are the long-range possibilities? Endorsements by professional athletes have been overdone. Some of them are laughable. People doubt their credibility."

What his group came up with, Nicklaus said, were more meaningful, long-range relationships with each account. He does not just fly Eastern, he is the airline's "golf pro"—advising its executives on their golf tournaments, putting on clinics. He does not just drive a Grand Prix, he actually owns a Pontiac agency.

Jack got up from the table. He was wearing his office uniform: a cotton print shirt, white loafers and tennis shorts.

that exposed his thickly muscled fullback's legs, the base of his athletic power. He said, "Before, I was stagnating. Losing interest. I got uptight for all the wrong reasons. My golf suffered."

Some three years ago he went to McCormack for an accounting. Nicklaus refrains from going into the details, but he and McCormack had never really been close. The split was inevitable.

The Nicklaus "group" evolved—six men, partners only by handshakes, all accountable to Jack in projects involving Golden Bear, Inc., his solely owned corporation. Except for Peterson each man has his own business—"Nobody feeds off anybody else." Put Perman, a man with a background in heavy construction in the Midwest, is titular head of the executive committee. Others are David Sherman, a Columbus attorney knowledgeable in land purchase and contracts, Jerry Halperin, an attorney and tax man from Detroit, and Bill Sansing, a marketing-advertising coordinator who lives in Austin, Texas.

"The point of all this," said Tom Peterson, "is that what used to be a burden became a pleasure."

"And knowing what was going on freed my mind for golf," said Nicklaus.

Two weeks later the Golden Bear was in California for a tournament commitment, holed up rather nicely in a two-bedroom villa overlooking the country club's putting green. He entertained without fanfare a steady stream of friends and business associates.

The second night he took a group to the clubhouse dining room where the waitress asked him for an autograph and remarked how well he looked. "The last time you were in here you were on a diet," she said. "You had the pouched salmon, I felt sorry for you."

As Jack teed off in the pro-am the gallery thickened around him. Halfway down the first fairway he slowed to talk to the stocky, gray-haired scorekeeper for his foursome. She reported the conversation: "I'm sorry, ma'am, but I don't think we got a chance to meet." "Yes, on the tee, but you were so busy." "Well, I'm awfully glad you're here."

Throughout the round Jack was relaxed and animated. A striking blonde in a tight purple jump suit trailed around for a few holes. Other galleries speculated as to who she was; one concluded she might be Nicklaus' wife, but this was ruled out. She was clearly *somebody*. "It's true," she was heard to say, "he is better looking."

On the putting green the next morning Nicklaus exchanged greetings with Gardner Dickinson, then moved off to the practice range, taking a crowd with him. Gardner watched him go. "Jack works at it," he said. "Arnold always had that... charisma's the word they use. Jack didn't. He had to work at it, and he does. He stands out there for hours signing autographs and granting interviews. I wouldn't."

Dickinson, with a series of taps with his putter, arranged his practice balls in ready-to-fire order. "Jack missed an easy putt on me in Atlanta in that playoff in 1971," he said. "I hadn't won a tournament in a long time and he knew it, and it seemed to me he blew it intentionally. Out of friendship. There was a photograph afterward, showing me talking to him with my jaw out. I was saying, 'Damn it, Jack, you did that on purpose.' But he said he didn't. And I know now he

didn't, because he simply wouldn't. He's too honest a man."

That night, in the Nicklaus villa, Jack ordered in. Steak and salads all around. He skipped the salad dressing, also the rolls and butter.

It had been another in a series of rainy days in Ohio, one of those wet spells a man with the blues can really sink his teeth into. For three hours an unblinking Jack Nicklaus had been trudging around the golf course, his uncovered head shining like a gaslight in the mist. It was not exactly a golf course yet, but it was well on its way. A lot of earth had been shoved around. In places the mud was gumbo, sucking at the feet of trespassers. A small squad of contractor-engineer types squished in Nicklaus' wake, looking not at all comfortable.

"Over there," Nicklaus said, sweeping his arm toward the site of an embryo bunker-spectator area. "I hate to say it, but those two maples have to go." He pointed farther over. "If we're gonna move a gallery through it we'll have to slope it more. And that?"—pointing at a mound of freshly bulldozed soil—"looks unnatural." An older man with a damp yellow pad pursed his lips and made notes.

Nicklaus continued around the course, gesturing to lengthen a water hazard, to expand a bunker, to narrow a green. "You agree?" He said to the man with the note pad. The man nodded and said yes, without enthusiasm.

"Yes, because I want it, or yes, because you agree? Don't agree with me if you don't agree."

The man smiled. "Yes, yes," he said.

Jack smiled back. "I've changed four holes around since this morning. Every time I come up here they shudder. I can't help it. I want it to be right. This is my ego trip."

Ultimately, the course that Jack is building will cover 220 acres on a 1,600-acre plot Golden Bear, Inc. bought on the north side of Columbus. It will be called The New Course at Muirfield, an engaging combination of names of the links upon which he won his two British Opens—The Old Course at St. Andrews and the premises of The Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, Muirfield. There are now—or soon will be—more than a dozen courses bearing Nicklaus' mark: among them, Heritage at Hilton Head, the one in Columbus, two in Cincinnati, one in Palm Beach. He will build four in Japan. "One is going to be exactly like St. Andrews," Jack said. "They tell me it can't be done. We'll see."

On a knoll overlooking a portion of the Columbus project he stopped. He explained the initial steps had been taken to get Muirfield a place on the PGA tournament tour, probably in 1975. "Sure, this will be a tough course," he said, "but we can ease up on it later. Once you take out a 50-year-old tree, it's out. You can't grow it back in three months."

He said he was oriented now "to build great courses, not just good courses." He said he had come to realize that he did not want to be known as another lucky jock who won a lot of money. "I want to leave more than a record."

Nicklaus does not return to Columbus as often as he used to, except for these in-and-out golf-course inspections. He used to make all the Ohio State football games. He and Jesse Owens are the only athletes in Ohio State history to receive honorary degrees. "The first year I played in the U.S. Amateur I carried a portable radio around to listen to the Michigan game," he said. When he couldn't make the game a few

continued

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## NICKLAUS

—GOLFERS

years ago, he called a friend in Columbus and had him put the receiver next to the radio so he could listen. The phone call cost \$38.

To a degree Palm Beach has become a refuge from too many friends and too many demands on his time, but he sleuths to break ties with his Columbus buddies. Take insurance executive Bob Hoag, for example. Twenty years ago when Jack was 13, he literally drove into Hoag's life. At the time Bob was 10 years Nicklaus' senior and known as the longest hitter at Seoto. On this particular day Hoag had hit his drive and was down a double-dip in the 16th fairway, flying for his second shot, when a ball from the tee came skipping through his legs. Bob Hoag, meet Jack Nicklaus.

"We were friends from then on," Nicklaus was saying over the hum of the engines as his chartered Lear jet lifted out of Columbus for Cincinnati. "Hoag goes with me to the Crosby every year, to play in the pro-am. He eats it up."

The side trip to Cincinnati was for a look at the two public courses he designed in a joint venture with the Taft Broadcasting Company for its King's Island amusement complex. Ordinarily, he said, he flies commercial, having discarded the luxury of a private jet as one of the first moves to streamline his corporate life—consolidating, cutting off fat.

A sportscauter friend from Miami named Bob Halloran, who was along for the ride, said rumor had it that Jack was lobbying for a football franchise. Nicklaus said he had talked with many of the NFL owners. "I'm still enthused about the notion but I have reservations. A team-sports franchise will be a nightmare for owners if Congress abolishes the reserve clause. I sure don't need that."

"One thing about it—you can't deny the hold pro football has," he said. "Look at me, a regular Dolphin nut. And the coverage it gets. The sportswriters, television—they can't stay away."

Halloran said he could never understand the bad press Nicklaus once received. He recalled a time when he was a cameraman for his Miami station and a PGA official tried to move him from his vantage point near the action at the Donald Open. Nicklaus interceded, saying, "I don't know who's right or wrong, but this man is a member of the press, and we need the press." Halloran seemed to think that was pretty noble.

"Part of it, early on, was my fault," Nicklaus said. "I was too direct, too frank. I have never been the most tactful guy in the world. But part of it, too, is that some guys don't know what they're talking about. The year I beat Arnold in the Open playoff [1962], I had a short shot over a bunker to the 18th green. But a terrible lie. The ball looked like it had been stepped on. All I needed was a bogey to win, so to be safe I punched up short of the bunker. The guy on television said, 'Nicklaus has just hit the worst shot of the tournament!' He didn't know. When I won by three strokes, another commentator asked, 'Did you choke on that shot, Jack?'"

"I could get pretty snappy. Just spit things out, I'm still that way. I get a burn on and I have to get it out. Barbara will be mad two weeks. The silent treatment. 'Barbara,' I tell her, 'let's get this thing out in the open,' and when we do, it's over. I never want anybody to doubt where I stand. But I don't always get it across right away."

"Yeah, like with your telephone voice."

Jack grinned. "Nobody told me until recently how short I am on the phone. Especially in the morning. I really teed off old Herb Wind [the co-author of Nicklaus' book, *The Greatest Game of All*]. He has that very crisp, proper way of talking, and he called and said, 'Hello, Jack, this is Herbert . . . Warren . . . Wind.' I said, 'Big deal.' I was kidding, but he didn't know it. Herb's a great guy, actually. He never called me Fat Jack in any of his stories."

"Golden Bear, that never bothered you?" asked Halloran.

"Don Lawrence in Australia started that. Then there was Blob-O and Whaleman, but most of it was good-natured. It depended on the frame of reference. If it came out, 'Fat Jack and his gallery of two or three,' sure, I knew what they were saying. I blew up at Jack Gallagher [of *The Houston Post*] one time. He had given me one of those zingers, and I said, 'All right, you, come here and feel this leg.' I had 29-inch thighs then but they were hard as rock."

Maybe what Nicklaus should have been, said Halloran, was a tell-all kind of open-faced sandwich like Gary Player. Never keep anything inside and say, "I owe it to rains and push-ups."

"That Gary," laughed Nicklaus. "He

continued

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**NICKLAUS**

talks about exercise and diet. We were rooming and practicing together at Baltusrol in 1967, and he'd been making those speeches and having his weights shipped from place to place. I'd like to know what that cost him. One morning I got up and did my exercises, showered and got ready to go to the course. When we were driving out it dawned on me. I said, "What happened to you, Gary? You ate at least six pancakes for breakfast, and I sure didn't see you lifting any weights." "Oh," he said with that surprised look. "I forgot."

Everybody laughed.

"Player won't admit you're better than he is," said Halloran. "Trevino says, 'Nicklaus is the greatest.' I asked Gary if he agreed. He said, 'No, Bob, I do not.'"

Jack smiled. "Gary cannot understand Lee. He says, 'How can Trevino say that?' I tell him, 'It's psychology, Gary. He says I'm the greatest, then he beats my ears off.'"

In Cincinnati Jack toured the new clubhouse and pro-shop facilities, introducing people around. He never missed a name. With the weather again pressing in he covered the two courses in a golf cart with Charles Mechem, the chairman of Taft Broadcasting, making suggestions for changes as they drove.

One course was empty of players, or seemed so until they came to the 10th green where two men, one in an orange poncho, were risking pneumonia. Jack stopped the cart behind and off to the left so as not to disturb them, but they had already seen him. Orange Poncho was face to face with a touchy chip shot over a bunker to the green. His horror was palpable: a nightmare reverse role. He was not watching the greatest golfer in the world, the greatest golfer in the world was watching him. He hunched over to prepare his shot, then pulled away. Smiling weakly, he looked toward Nicklaus. "Wanta hit this one for me?" Jack said no thanks, he would probably just fool it up. He gave a go-ahead wave.

The man returned to his task, wrenching the handle of his club like a baseball player, hoping, perhaps, to wring out an acceptable shot. He took a hurried backswing and lined the ball over the bunker and 30 feet past the pin. He looked up in relief. Jack started up the cart. "That's the way I'd have done it," he called out. Orange Poncho grinned happily, as one who has heard the angels.

END





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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## UCLAN IMAGES

Sirs:

For a long time I have enjoyed your excellent writer Curry Kirkpatrick and his articles on college basketball. His most recent, on UCLA (*Who Are These Guys?* Feb. 5), was the finest I have ever read. I am also glad to see both Mr. Kirkpatrick and your magazine among the few who recognize what a truly outstanding coach and man John Wooden is.

ED NELSON

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sirs:

Sixty-one wins in a row, huh? Give John Wooden a real schedule. Give UCLA seven Atlantic Coast Conference games away from home. Send them to Chapel Hill, Raleigh, College Park, Durham, etc. Bring the Bruins to the ACC tournament. We'll match Tom McMillen or Tom Renshaw against Bill Walton any day.

BOB MOORE

Wilmington, N.C.

Sirs:

Curry Kirkpatrick's article was most interesting and entertaining. It's good to get the statistics, but it's equally good and important to get to know the real people.

JERRY J. SNEDECOR

San Diego

Sirs:

As a 19-year-old college student at a big state university, I find Curry Kirkpatrick's portrayal of Bill Walton rather interesting. It is amusing in that Walton sounds like a typical college kid right off a television script destined for a new relevant show. It is also distressing that this "fun-loving teddy bear," so vehemently anti-war, will justify race war and murder. Add to these Walton's analysis of all people over 35, and a striking lack of maturity shows through.

STEVEN DORASKI

Lackawanna, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was upset by the article. You mentioned Keith Wilkes as a baby-faced, quiet, smooth and graceful junior forward. You also mentioned that Keith "will never receive the individual attention he deserves while playing at UCLA."

May I remind you that Keith is the second leading scorer on the nation's No. 1 team? If he doesn't get the attention he deserves it is because sportswriters like Curry Kirkpatrick don't give it to him.

JOHN MCCARTHY

Veneta, Calif

Sirs:

Your reference to the "attitudes and outlook" of East Chicago, Ind., Pete Trgovich's hometown, is insidious. Honest reporting would dictate a clear definition of your interpretation of the attitudes and outlook of that area. Pete is also treated in a shabby manner. He is described as a "bunk, bony ugly duckling." But Walton is "fun-loving, sincere, open-minded"; Curtis is "bright and articulate"; Wilkes is "intelligent"; Farmer is an "upstanding citizen," etc. It's a low blow to an unsuspecting young man.

JOSEPH ROJAKOVICK

Chicago

Sirs:

As a spectator at the Notre Dame-UCLA game, I'd like to set the record straight on hatchets and reprimands. First, Pete Crotty needed to use karate as Walton "slugged and pushed back" and Farmer "opened up [Crotty's] nose with an elbow." Second, I suggest John Wooden read his own book more often and learn to reprimand his players when it is warranted. The antics of Larry Hollyfield on and off the court were bawdy in every sense of the word. C'mon, Curry, it takes two to fight a war.

PETE DURESKA

Notre Dame, Ind.

## EASTERN OUTLOOK

Sirs:

It was good to see Peter Carry give recognition to the two best basketball teams in the NBA (*Oh, the Knicks Have the Knack*, Feb. 5). Some people are just now beginning to believe that the Celtics are for real. Boston has the most exciting team in the league and New Englanders are showing their appreciation. The Celtics and the Knicks both have beaten Los Angeles and Milwaukee in games this year, which leads many people to believe that the NBA championship will be decided in a Knicks-Celtics playoff series this spring. We Boston fans know that this will be the first of many seasons in which the Celtics will be strong contenders for the title.

RICHARD PATTERSON

Peabody, Mass.

Sirs:

The Celtics may have the better record, but the Knicks, because of their experience, will be the team to beat come playoff time.

CHRIS D'ANGELO

Hartford, N.Y.

Sirs:

There is no doubt that the closest and most exciting race in the NBA is taking

place in the East and, with a little luck, the Boston Celtics just might pull it off. One man who has paced them, led them and almost become ageless and immortal is John Havlicek, a survivor of the Red Auerbach era.

But even if the Celtics get past New York in the East, they have a bigger and better obstacle to overcome in the West. The fact is, the Los Angeles Lakers have blown apart the Western Division (without the services of one of the best rebounders in the league, Happy Hairston) because the others couldn't keep the pace. It looks as though the Celtics and the Lakers will be meeting for the crown this year. You can bet the incomparable Mr. Clutch, Jerry West, will be looking for Mr. Havlicek and the Celtics. And don't be surprised if Bill Sharman has a huge cigar to light up when Boston comes to town. After all, the Lakers are the best in the West—and probably the East.

LEE E. FRANCIS

Provo, Utah

Sirs:

In general, Peter Carry's article on the Knicks was excellent. But I must disagree with the statement that New York won because Boston was unable to control Walt Frazier. Dave DeBusschere was a major factor. His inside and outside shooting, rebounding and rugged defense were exceptional even for him. Willis Reed is rapidly regaining his full effectiveness. Although Frazier is indeed an extremely talented player, he was not the sole reason for the Knick victories.

SUE CHAMPOUR

Massillon, Ohio

## REBIRTH OF A SPECIES

Sirs:

It is heartening to learn of the success of the Arabian oryx in its new Arizona habitat (*Oryx from Unlows Grow*, Feb. 5). One may only hope that man will become wiser in his dealings with such species. Perhaps it is time that we recognize the true meaning of the word sport. The case of the slaughtering of the oryx with Tommy guns does not reflect the values of the vast majority of hunters. Such indiscriminate, senseless killing remains a shameful crime against not only the animal but against man himself.

Thank you for telling us the story of the oryx. Perhaps if we continue to use the neglected tool of international cooperation, such injustices in the name of sport may be avoided in the future.

WILLIAM R. KESZYNSKI

Fulton, N.Y.

#### MORE THAN YANKEE DOODLING

Sirs:

The World Hockey Association was delighted to see SI's Feb. 5 story *The Yanks Are Coming*. It is no small source of pride that our league is leading the way in the current infusion of fine U.S. players in professional hockey. Mike Antonovich, Mike Curran, Bobby Sheehan and Larry Pleau are the forerunners of what we feel will be an increasing wave of U.S. competitors in both leagues. This is one of the most gratifying results that can come to a new professional sports league and was one of our original goals in expanding the horizons and appeal of the game.

GARY L. DAVIDSON  
President  
World Hockey Association  
Santa Ana, Calif.

#### DPH

Sirs:

William Leggett's article (*Now Half the Nines Are Tens*, Jan. 22) on the designated-pinch-hitter rule was a gas! His clever but incisive look at the situation delves into just a few of the many wild situations that designated pinch hitters will bring to staid old baseball.

Like many people, I have mixed emotions on the DPH, but there's this gnawing feeling in the pit of my stomach about going to Busch Memorial Stadium in St. Louis this summer to watch guys like Al Santorini go 0 for 4 while across the state in Royals Stadium John Mayberry is rapping two or three homers for Dick Drago, who is throwing a two-hit shutout.

MARK STILLWELL

Springfield, Mo.

Sirs:

My reaction to baseball's designated pinch hitter may be hasty and emotional, but I believe that the American League executives have erred badly. They have damaged the game's charm and drama to gain a few runs to mollify critics who are incapable of appreciating the factors that set baseball apart from other sports.

William Leggett's article neglected to mention the fact that the new rule will mean the loss of many exciting and interesting situations: the ninth-inning pinch hitter trying to win the game or, better yet, break up a no-hit game; the pitcher beezing along with a shutout who loses his stuff after a long stint on the base paths. Will the manager lift his ace, trailing by one run, or let him bat for himself?

Gone, too, from the AL will be that fascinating speculation about which pinch hitter is best in a particular situation. What is more, the rare moments of success when a pitcher did hit were well worth the wait. I saw Earl Wilson win his own no-hitter with

*continued*

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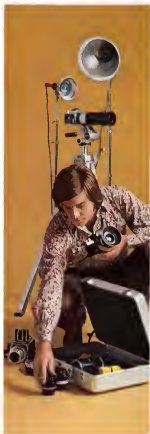
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## 18TH HOLE *Continued*

a home run. I saw Jim Lomberg hunt the Red Sox to a pennant, and I saw Senny Siebert outlast the Orioles all by himself. Those games would have been far less memorable with a DPH.

One of the beauties of baseball is the way it exposes each player's weaknesses. Now the pitcher is exempt, along with one hitter who won't have to reveal that he can't make the throw from right anymore. Next it will be nine Harmon Killebrews hitting to nine Mark Belongers, with the bases loaded up with Allan Lewises. In the meantime the critics that Bowie Kuhn and his friends are trying so hard to please will be watching football, and the once great game of baseball will become a well-played, high-scoring bore.

JACK MARSHALL

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

Baseball has often unjustifiably been called a boring game. Certainly the weak hitters at the bottom of the order, including the pitcher, have been a dull part of the sport. The American League decision to have a permanent substitute hitter for the pitcher was a fantastic solution to this problem. I suggest, however, that the fans would like to see an even bolder step taken. This would be to eliminate the nine spot completely. Thus the fans would see each of the eight regular players more often, including the star hitters who provide the most excitement in baseball.

HOWARD JONES

London, Ontario

Sirs:

Whatever the reasons for the new designated-pitch-hitter rule in the American League, this much is clear, the all-round athlete, the rare good-hitting pitcher, is being needlessly and unfairly penalized. Much of the managerial strategy surrounding the question "to yank or not to yank" is also wiped out. I can see the trend now. Big strike bowlers teamed with pinch spare-makers, long-hitting golfers with assistants who specialize in putting, etc. I am not really old enough to remember football teams that played both offense and defense, and I suppose the DPH will one day be accepted as readily as the two-platoon system, but aren't the people who generate such changes overlooking the value of the all-round athlete? Is this what sport is all about?

MICHAEL G. WALSH

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Sirs:

As an American League diehard I wonder why William Leggett failed to mention the primary reason the National League didn't adopt the designated-pitch-hitter rule. The National League moguls obviously

*continued*

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## 10TH HOLE continued

wanted to wait until Henry Aaron passes Babe Ruth's home-run record before giving the DPH a try. They did not want to risk the criticism that would certainly arise if Aaron had the obvious advantages of swinging as a DPH. It goes without saying that baseball does not want to put another asterisk in the record book when its greatest record is broken.

DENNY K. ITHIN

Waldorf, Md.

## SILVER BULLETS

Sirs:

Thanks to Peter Curry for his fine article on the Baltimore Bullets (*These Bullets Have Colbers*, Jan. 29). Gene Shue has done a great job since the days of the Monroe, Loughery, Johnson and Mann outfit of a few years back. I have followed the Bullets for a long time and I think this year's team can beat both the Bucks and the Lakers. Also, no one is happier about the Bullets' move to the D.C. area than I. What a team. With the Redskins plus the Bullets and, in two years, a National Hockey League franchise, the future certainly looks bright for us long-suffering D.C. fans. Eat your heart out, Bob Short.

JOE DALY

Annandale, Va

Sirs:

Except for Phil Chesser, Peter Curry covered the starting five pretty well. But he didn't say a word about the Bullet depth. For instance, Stan Love not only has a deadly jumper but can beat Wilt Chamberlain to the hoop better than any other second-year forward. Dave Stallworth is good for eight points on any night, and John Tresvant saved us in 1971. We have Rich Rinaldi, who can bomb like Jerry Lucas. And of course there is Kevin Porter, the rookie who did such a terrific job in Archie Clark's absence.

BILL TAMILIUS

Baltimore

## COUGAR CONFIDENCE

Sirs:

It was a pleasant surprise to see an article about the much-ignored Carolina Cougars (*Home Is Where the Hoop Is*, Jan. 22). Your description of Head Coach Larry Brown was perfect; he is a "knoekout in our velvet." The Cougars have really been playing great basketball this year. From Bill C. to little Mick Calvey, they owe the Big Green Machine.

MARILYN POPE

Charlotte, N.C.

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# When Rebecca Went Fishing

by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

In Radnorshire, Wales the River Wye still tumbles along a rocky course by the town of Rhayader, where the salmon fight their way upstream. There in the misty darkness of an autumn night in 1880 a line seemingly made up of sturdy Welshwomen was strung across the rushing waters by a great fishweir under the shoulder of Plinlimmon mountain. The women (if that's what they were, though indeed their gruff voices didn't sound it) were arranged in pairs, one partner holding a vicious four-pronged spear, the other a long flaming torch, and so on all across the river. Suddenly one of the spear-holders made a great lunge, a gasp of anticipation was heard from the spectators gathered on the riverbank, the spear was held triumphantly aloft and on it gleamed a huge silvery salmon. The "Rebecca" was in action again!

The Rebecca was one of the strongest of all organized poaching gangs, yet its origin had little to do with poaching. In the late 1830s the people of Wales were becoming increasingly angry at the state of the rural roads. Not only were their highways foully surfaced but they were ruinously expensive to travel on. Some towns were entirely ringed by tollgates, and a traveler often had to pay half a dozen times in a 10-mile journey. A carter paid as much as a shilling a mile, which would be equivalent to a dollar today. Farmers taking their produce to market found they were paying away a sizable percentage of their profits.

Welshmen have never taken kindly to such impositions, especially by the English, so all over mid- and south Wales the countrymen banded together in secret to destroy the tollgates. Bands of rough men, armed with swords, sickles, bludgeons, scythes, pistols and guns, chopped, smashed and burned over a hundred gates and, in a sparsely populated country, the police could do nothing. Even squadrons of English dragoons could achieve little more than an occasional arrest. For disguise the rioters adopted the clothes of women: the leader of a gang was always called "Rebecca," from the verse in *Genesis* (XXIV,

60): "And they blessed Rebekah and said unto her, 'Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them.'"

In spite of rewards of up to £500 not one Welshman informed on Rebecca, and her thousands of "daughters" terrorizing the countryside at last made London take notice. In 1844 Parliament passed an act making it impossible to pay more than one toll in any seven miles of roads. Rebecca had won, and at the small cost of only a few light fines and one or two ringleaders transported to Australia.

As the years passed, the Rebecca was forgotten, but a new generation of Welshmen was finding a new grievance. As long as most countrymen could remember, any man who wanted solid and strength-building food could go to the river and find it. And if the man lived near the Wye, the greatest salmon river south of the Scottish border, he never had far to seek. Not for Radnorshire men the finicky methods of rod and line and fly: the more directly a salmon could be procured the better. After all, there were fish aplenty. Then, with the advent of the railway and big Victorian manufacturing fortunes, successful English magnates found they could buy a cheap Welsh estate and reach it quickly for a few days' sport. Gangs of water bailiffs lay in wait to catch Dai or Evan as he carried home his one salmon, possibly the only protein his family ever expected to eat. The magistrates showed themselves to be firmly on the side of lawkeeping and the rights of property.

It wasn't as if the pouchers were even depriving the landlords of much sport. In the upper reaches of the river, salmon did not arrive until late in September, by which time the legal fishing season was almost over. Fish then were nearly at spawning, and only a man half-starved would eat the lank kipper-colored creatures. Yet magistrates lashed out with savage sentences against any unfortunate poacher who was caught.

Here and there old men began to remember how, 40 years before, organized

force had imposed the will of the common people on their rulers, and they told their sons and nephews about it. Notices started to appear in the town of Rhayader, sometimes cheekily fixed to the very door of the town hall: "Rebecca meet tonight at the weir." Young men were instructed in the art of soaking tow in mutton fat and binding it to the end of a pole to make the ball of the torch. Then they borrowed their mothers' and sisters' garments, fashioned themselves rough wigs out of horsehair, blackened their faces and banded together, 20 or 50 or 100 strong to "burn the water."

The weir at Rhayader was a high one; only in the biggest of floods could the fish continue their upstream search for a spawning ground. In the clear water below it was sometimes possible to count from the bank 300 or 400 fish lying as thick as paving stones. By the light of the torches the spearman could make short work of several dozen, and the next day every family in town would dine sumptuously on salmon.

Extra bailiffs were imported from Birmingham and Hereford, burly men with no local ties. Meer policemen were drafted, the cost of them being levied on Rhayader and other riotous parishes. But still the mass poaching went on, quite openly—for a couple of dozen lawmen, even armed with cutlasses, did not care to take on the Rebecca's hundred. Any prudent enforcer of the law stayed at home if he glimpsed in the street the ragged army's blackened faces and flamboyant feminine garb.

The main outbreak of the fishing Rebecca lasted from 1878 to 1881. But during the following 50 years, whenever a tyrannical landlord or a savage magistrate acted so as to incense the practical fishing fraternity, it was certain that the custom would be revived—for a night or a week—always late in the year, when the salmon were spawning.

Some 25 years ago, after the release of the movie made from Daphne du Maurier's most successful novel (which had nothing to do with poaching), I met an old man, a fervent chapel-goer from Rhayader, whose life had no room for frivolities like the cinema. But when the movie was advertised, he made sure he had his niece present ready. "Look!" he said, "making a film of the Rebecca, they are. *Dare!* Those were the days, when out we went with ball and spear." **END**

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